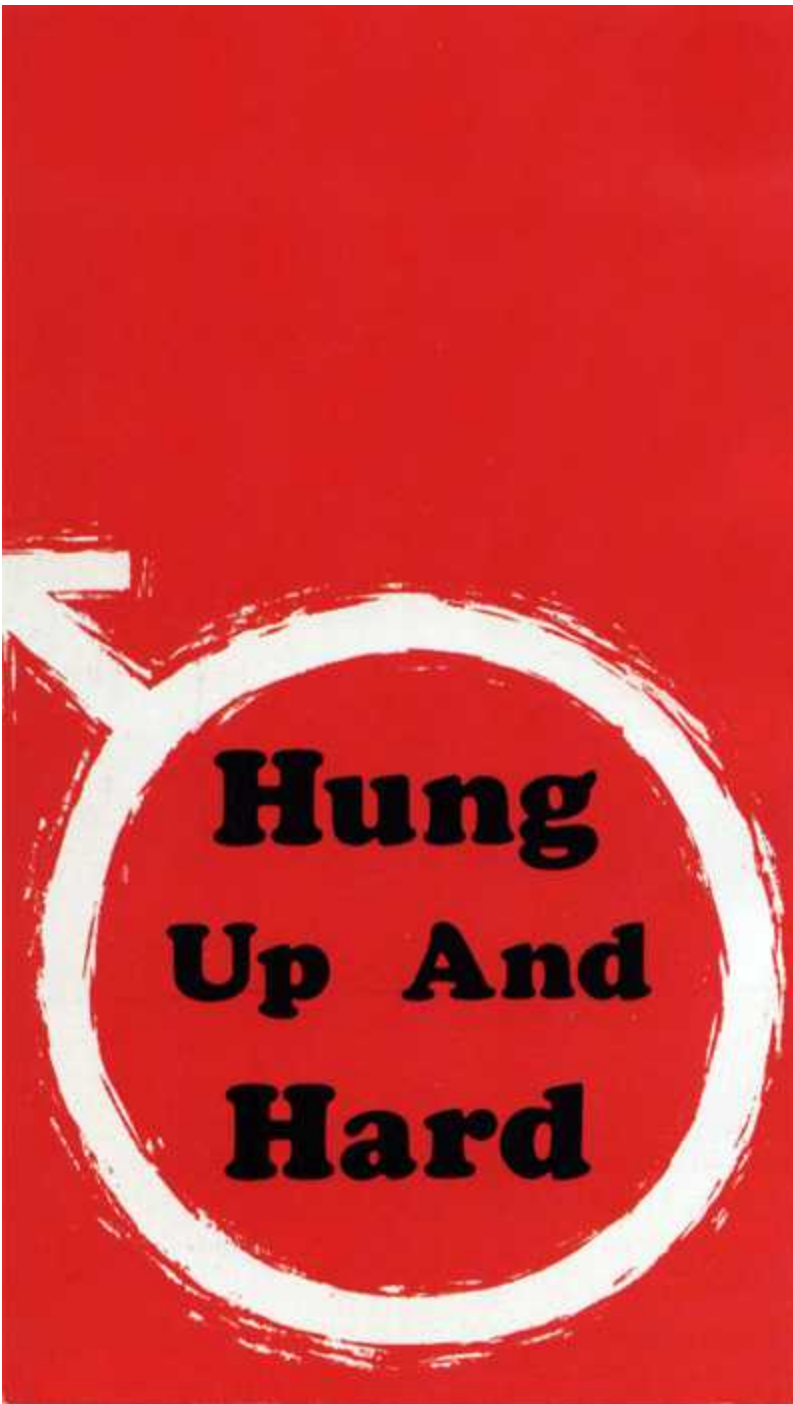


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**(damon marks)**

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AC-130 HUNG UP AND HARD by Damon Marks

## FOREWORD

Teenagers who leave home, for whatever reasons, often face problems and dangers their experience has not yet taught them to deal with. The dangers

include drugs, crime and the threat of physical harm -- a threat which is only too real for those young people who have been attacked and robbed by a particular breed of criminal that preys upon helpless young victims.

In HUNG UP AND HARD; eighteen-year-old Tim Harding hits the road to escape from the clutches of his sadistic father. He soon finds, however, that his father's cruelty is mild compared to the twisted desires of some of those on the road. In fact, Tim soon begins to wonder if being mastered is not his destiny, a fate he abhors yet cannot escape.

A shocking novel -- a story not meant for everyone -- but one which contains a warning for all those who care to listen.

The Publisher

# CHAPTER ONE

Stark naked and shivering in the basement chill, Tim Harding groaned and stared expectantly towards the door leading to the warm, comfortable living quarters above. Even the big gobs of white cum his father had shot onto his stomach had lost their initial warmth and stickiness. The jism was now wet and cold, as chill as the steel clasps and chains around his ankles and wrists that bound him to the work table Sam Harding had diabolically fashioned into a torture rack.

The room was small, ten by ten feet at the most, one wall bearing a huge mirror in an old wooden frame. The only light came from a bare forty watt bulb hanging from a frayed cord over the torture rack. There was a small bookcase in one corner of the chamber. The shelves were lined with profusely illustrated porno magazines, most of the sadomasochistic variety, but Tim's father had never permitted the youth to feast his eyes on any of them. On the shelf below all the fuck magazines, the senior Harding kept all his sex tools, and he had a large assortment. Adult toys, Sam Harding liked to call the studded leather belts, hoods, handcuffs, thongs, and harnesses.

Tim, was prematurely wise to the ways of master-slave sex. He had come to know and tolerate all of his father's wild fantasies and fixations, and he was all too familiar with each and every day on that lower shelf in the corner.

Now, as he lay shackled, naked and chilled, waiting for the old man's return, he once more pondered whether he had made a mistake two years earlier. It had been his decision to go with his father at the time of his parents' divorce. His mother drank too much and slept with far too many men; he had reasoned that his father would be more secure, easier to please, and certainly more financially rewarding. Little did he realize the option he had chosen would lead to this bummer domination trip. Sam Harding, he had come to learn, believed in keeping sex strictly in the family, at least as far as his son's getting off was concerned.

Tim figured he was just as oversexed and hot-blooded as his father. He had, in fact -- once he was used to his father's assaults -- looked forward to

getting his rocks off as often as possible, regardless of the means. Yet Sam Harding's most recent behavior, the increasingly sadistic nature of the man and his clutching manner, had come to pain him. What had started as impish fascination was evolving to plain and simple hate.

Only last week he had been left bound in this room for forty-eight hours while his father carried on upstairs with two teenagers from out of town in a weekend orgy. The older Harding was a truck driver, and he never had problems finding hitchhikers; the odds were always good he could con them, either with good booze, strong grass, or the promise of a few uppers, into coming home with him. And never, not one solitary time, had he shared any of these exciting bodies with his son.

Now Tim wondered why Sam had abruptly left him, hurrying out the door.

What was it that he had forgotten in the truck outside? Another new toy, even more bizarre than the others? Was he in for one of his weekly Godawful leather thrashings? Did his father have a new, even more grotesque instrument of torture to initiate on him?

Tim stared fixedly at the ceiling, his wide blue eyes blinded by bewilderment and fear. His arms, stretched out above his head, were growing sore, and his wrists chafed at their bonds. His long, reddish-brown hair was tucked under his head, except for a few strands across his pale forehead that were still wet with perspiration from the sex action just ten minutes earlier. The youth's face bore a slightly upturned nose, a sharp chin, and smooth boyish cheeks without a blemish; his body, too, was flawless, except for the red marks across his perfectly formed, round rump. The welts were souvenirs his father had left on him just the day before. Tim Harding, despite his scars, was in every respect a beautiful teenage boy. Unfortunately, his father knew this, too.

The youth looked once more to the silent doorway, then returned his vacant stare to the bare bulb swinging overhead. The teenager knew full well that he had a lot going for him. Most important of all, he figured, was his long, fat cock. Tim loved to watch it in the minor as he jacked himself off. His prick was big, unbelievably big for a mere teenager, and he never failed to get excited just gazing at his dick when it was throbbing hard with its big

swollen head staring angrily back at him. But his jealous, possessive father had repeatedly warned him not to beat off in his absence, lest he risk a sound thrashing for wasting good cum. On two occasions when he had been caught in the act, Sam had beaten him unmercifully; his eyes had remained black and blue for days.

Ever since they had first started getting it on together, Tim had called his father Sam. He had never thought to reason why. Somehow, the words

"Dad" and "Father" never fit -- even when he was younger they were more like buddies. But all that was before Sam Harding started using and abusing him. Now the older man would occasionally insist on the young calling him "Sir", especially when he was into one of his ruthless master-slave acts.

Just then the door burst open and Sam Harding swaggered into the room. He hunched his broad shoulders, grinned and held up a brown paper bag.

"Here it is, kid," he grunted, in a low, strong voice.

Tim turned his head and gazed blankly at his father.

"What is it?" he asked softly.

Sam afforded him a thin smile. The older man had shoulders almost an ax handle wide and stood over six feet high, with no gut at all and the rump of a twenty-year-old. His thick wavy brown hair showed no signs of receding. For a man pushing thirty-nine, he was a prime specimen. Sam Harding had light-blue eyes that nailed in like steel spikes if he was intent on something, which the younger man knew was all too often. And right now those penetrating orbs were zeroing in on Tim's helpless, naked body.

Coming up beside his son, Sam slapped his big hand on the teenager's tight, flat stomach. He rubbed what was left of his sticky cum all over the youth's gut, spreading it down in between his crotch and balls, and all through his pubic hairs. Then he wiped what remained of the sticky fluid on Tim's smooth, hairless chest. Sam's face bore only a thin smile, a familiar intent look that meant he was horny and wanted to get his rocks off. Finally the older man stood back and held up the paper bag he had been carrying in the

other hand. He tossed it up on Tim's chest, then busied himself removing his shirt and pants.

"What's in the sack, Sam?" Tim asked again, innocently. The bag felt heavy on his skin, and he wondered, by the feel, if it contained a couple of salami sticks.

"Toys, my little slave. Fun toys for big boys." Sam glowered at his son as he dropped his pants and climbed out of them. He wore no undershorts and no sooner were his clothes tossed aside than did his immense swinging cock begin to stir. In quick spasms it swelled larger and larger until it stood straight up, as big around as a cucumber and half again as long.

Sam was hot and horny, eager to poke his giant throbbing prick into his son's beautiful butt, to fuck the hell out of that puckering little asshole he had come to need, to demand, to enjoy far more than any woman's loose, sloppy cunt.

Tim liked getting fucked. Especially by a large cock. And Sam Harding's heavy piece of meat had, indeed, spoiled him. If it were not for some of his father's other shit-ass games, the comfortable relationship might easily go on forever, he reasoned. But of late the youth was getting full up with bruises and welts across his ass -- even the role of playing the submissive slave was getting a trifle boring, less and less exciting to him.

Still, every time he saw his father's giant prick sticking out of that massive forest of dark crotch hair, his senses would be blitzed to the point of hot, immediate desire -- a totally compulsive want. He wondered what it would be like encountering a stranger, a new face with a cock that large. He felt sure the excitement would be even wilder, more intense yet. But how was he ever to experience sowing wild oats when his father was so possessive and watchful?

Sam quickly unshackled Tim's ankles and wrists, then abruptly slapped him on the hip and grunted: "Okay, you fucker. Roll over on your stomach and get that pretty little rump of yours up here where I can get at it."

"Sure, Sam. But easy, will you?" Tim's tone was hesitant, guarded.

"What's in the bag?"

The older man tore open the sack and removed two black-leather-covered cocks, complete with a chain-link waistband attachment. One of the dildos was the size of Sam's own prick, far from small by any measure, while the other was huge, resembling a baseball bat. Both were made of carefully sewn black cowhide, hollow inside and tailored at the end to form a round, knobby head. Tim's eyes grew wide with alarm as he gazed at the formidable tool Sam had placed on the rack beside him. His father had chosen the larger of the dildos. Tiny beads of perspiration began to form on his forehead.

"Uh, Sam," he started to say, nervously, "I think..."

His father cut him off. "You think nothing. Absolutely nothing, understand? Keep your Goddamn trap shut until I'm good and ready, nice and hot. Then you can scream your fucking head off!"

Tim knew full well that hollering up a storm was a futile gesture. There was no one around to hear, and in any event Sam Harding had made doubly sure his little torture chamber was sound-proof.

Tim's eyes once more surveyed the size of the leather dildo. "But Jesus!"

he said, protesting.

"I said silence, you little cock-sucker slave!"

Sam roughly thrust his son's wrists back into the restraining shackles and quickly did the same with his feet. Tim lay spread-eagled across the rack, his firm, round, teenage ass glistening in the light of the lone overhead bulb.

The older man looked once more at his son's beautiful rump and fought back an immediate, compulsive urge, a very familiar need, to get in there with his face and eat it out, suck all of its succulent juices dry. Right now he had a different, more unusual game in mind. Beneath the table Sam's probing hand found a large can of shortening. He grabbed a handful of the white, paste like substance and crammed several fingers full into Tim's



twitching shitter. The pinched walls parted easily as the experienced, deft digits squeezed inside, working the lubricant all along the tender folds of the teenager's well-used asshole.

The youth moaned softly -- not the wail of pain but the sounds of delight, need, fulfillment. Sam was well-aware that this was the part his son derived the most pleasure from. He worked two, then three fingers inside the tight butt-hole, massaging more feverishly; the youth writhed back eagerly.

"Hell, Sam, I'm not in the mood for the toys. Just fuck the hell out of me with your own fist and cock, okay?"

Sam gave him a quick, hard slap on the ass. "You little sonofabitch, when we're in this room and you're tied down to this fucking rack, my name's not Sam! Understand, slave? You either keep silent, moan and groan, or call me Sir. Or Master. Get it? You're nothing, nothing but a Goddamn slave down here. Totally worthless except for that pretty little ass of yours, understand?"

Tim shrugged and sighed. "Okay, okay, Master." The words had been uttered softly, flatly, void of meaning.

"You're getting to be a cheeky little cunt. Just like your mother, eh?"

Well, the old man will fix that soon enough. That's for sure. My juicy little teenage bung-hole needs some new toys."

Sam's voice trailed off into a low, guttural mumbling as he struggled with the chain that held the big leather dildo to his waist. His own cock was almost too large to fit inside the sleeve of the dildo, but finally, after patiently twisting the prick back and forth, he worked his hard meat into the soft leather. The huge dildo, heavy as it was, fitted him perfectly. It felt good enough to jack off into, but he knew that wouldn't be nearly as hot and exciting as the pleasure he would derive from shoving the monster into his son's asshole as far as it would go. He tightened the chain links securing the menacing-looking tool to his waist and felt his cock slip even deeper into the leather. The formidable prick was sticking straight out now, firmly in place, with the rear end pressing hard against his swollen balls. Sam tried to

clasp its diameter in his hand, but his fingers couldn't close and touch it was so fat.

Tim glanced back, his eyes gravely taking in the frightening piece of equipment between his father's legs. He shuddered, his eagerness for a good hot fuck suddenly disintegrating, replaced by a cold, clammy fear, a real and immediate fright that made him tremble from head to toe. His asshole instinctively pinched tighter, firm as a drum.

"Chrissakes, Sir," he said, with deference, "I can't take it. No way!

It's too fucking big!" Tim knew the plea was futile. So too, was the energy he wasted straining at the ankle and wrist bonds. "Shit! Shit!" he said repeatedly.

Sam Harding chuckled deep inside his throat, rubbed eagerly at the fur on his chest, then hefted his big body up over the smooth, hairless form of his son. His improvised torture rack trembled only slightly; he had built it of the best and strongest timbers, fashioning it just like the ones he had seen.

An the horror movies. He was sweating and hot as a firecracker now and felt like an angry bull picking up the scent of heat. He wanted to see the beautiful young body beneath him squirm and wiggle, try desperately, futilely, to escape from him. He was eager to watch the big leather cock slip in and out of that stretched-to-the-limit bung-hole and to hear the cries, the begging, pleading for mercy.

Sam slapped both of Tim's ass-cheeks fiercely, then laid the rump apart just like he was splitting a succulent, juicy peach. The tender little asshole was wet and moist, its inner folds covered with a thick smear of slippery white shortening. He knew that a mere mouthful of spit would never suffice for an instrument the size he had sticking out threateningly from his crotch. Even with plenty of lube it was going to take skill and patience to cram the fat round monster inside the kid's shitter. He laid the big leather prick up against Tim's rump and gently let it slip along the crack in the cheeks, easy like, without the slightest pressure. Then he bent down and whispered hoarsely in his son's ear.

"Dig that sexy hot leather sliding around on your ass, kid? Feels real good, does it? Groove on that cowhide chafing back and forth, back and forth, against your naked little ass. There. Now it's rubbing up against your beautiful juicy bunghole, baby, and it wants in. Wants in real bad, just like a wild stallion that's fucking hot in heat. Want to smell that black leather, kid?"

Sam propped himself farther up on the table and thrust his hips forward until the huge leather dildo lay right up alongside Tim's nose. The older man rolled his thighs, working the big prick back and forth along his son's lips and nostrils, playing havoc with the teenager's senses, all the while running his huge fingers repeatedly through his son's long locks. Abruptly, he grabbed a handful of hair and harshly thrust Tim's face against the hard leather shaft.

"Lick it, you little bastard! Go ahead, kid. Stick your Goddamn tongue all the way out and coat the black fucker with slippery warm spit. Lots of it. Just lick and slaver around on that leather from one end to the other. Go ahead, damn you! What are you waiting for?"

Sam tightened his grip on his son's brown locks and pushed down hard.

Trembling from head to toe, Tim closed his eyes and obediently did as he was told. His tongue darted out and he began to lick, slowly at first, then more eagerly. The leather dildo only frightened him when placed in close, threatening proximity to his asshole. Where it was now, the curious tool, when coupled with the rich aroma of his father's sweaty crotch and balls, assaulted his nose and taste buds. He began to lick more passionately. As if gripped by some sudden desire, almost as fiendish as his father's, he began sniffing, slurping and tonguing with feverish enthusiasm, his teeth wantonly chewing on the end of the leather dildo, his tongue wrapping itself around every inch of its length, right up to the big chain links that held it to Sam's waist.

Eagerly, passionately, he licked the chain, then sucked on his father's swollen, full balls, one at a time. They were big, too big, to get both nuts in his mouth at the same time. Tim plowed his nose through the mass of dark pubic hair surrounding his father's big genitals. He was drunk with the

aroma of sex, sweat, and wet cowhide. The teenager's own cock throbbed, his balls itched on the table beneath him, and his entire body writhed in eagerness for orgasm.

But as quickly as his father had begun tormenting him by shoving the dildo into his face, he withdrew it, backing away and gloating. Sam edged back and assumed the fuck position over his son's gently undulating rump.

The boyish asscheeks twitched and rolled slowly back and forth from side to side, then up and down in a sexy pumping motion, beckoning, hot and hungry for action.

Tim's brain was swimming. He did and did not want the black leather dildo up inside his asshole. He was afraid, yet he was hot, horny, and eager to get fucked. Maybe, just maybe, if he didn't look back at the massive whang attached to his father's own big cock, he could bear it. He made up his mind to try. Non acceptance, to his old man, would make things worse

-- far worse than a mute, painful submission. He knew full well that Sam Harding always sought and demanded what he couldn't have; he craved impossible challenges. And it was this insatiable craving that often drove his father to sadistic, diabolical madness!

Tim tried to relax, to allow his whole body to go as limp as a washcloth.

He had to try. There was no other path open to him.

Sam began probing, pushing, with the round head of the dildo. His son's asshole tightened and resisted the big sewn leather instrument, pushing back against it, pinching closed tighter in defiance. But the young muscles couldn't withstand the older man's strong, powerful hips and thighs that relentlessly applied more and more pressure against the thick black shaft. Tim winced and bit down fiercely on his lip. The tiny beads of moisture on his forehead came together into a long rivulet of sweat that ran down his cheeks to the table. His face became distorted with excruciating pain.

"Jesus Christ!" he shouted. "Stop! It's too big. Too fucking big, I tell you!"

Sam Harding only applied more pressure, coming down hard with his pile-driving ass. At the same time he gave his son a couple of stinging backhand whacks on the thighs. Tim's body jerked; the older man's distracting blows worked perfectly. The teenager's ass muscles ever so briefly relaxed, for only a fraction of a second, but it was enough time for Sam's hips to savagely lunge forward. The head of the big, thick dildo quickly penetrated inside the asshole's pinched outer rim.

"Oh, my God! Oh, no!" Tim cried out, in vain. Then the thick coat of lubricant took over, and the pain, although still causing the youth considerable agony, was less sharp and excruciating.

Sam Harding became more and more excited over his son's obvious misery.

He grinned devilishly and began to fuck, not in a pumping, up and down manner, but with a circular, corkscrew motion. As sadistic as the older Harding was, he was no fool, and not knowing how much length the small body beneath him could handle, he wasn't about to put his prized young ass out of commission just for the sake of one Goddamn leather dildo. He would experiment. That precious, tight, teenage butt had a lot more serviceable mileage due it, plenty of good hot fucking that was his to enjoy when and where the mood hit him.

The heavy dildo slipped around inside Tim's asshole more and more easily, and the youth's groaning diminished. He cried out only when Sam thrust the leather tool in past its three-quarter mark of length. When Sam finally determined just how far he could slip the device into his son's ass without rupturing a gut, he began fucking in earnest, measuring the strokes but not the intensity. The length of his own meat felt hot and excited inside the dildo's leather sheath. The diameter of his devilish toy was unbelievable; just watching it glide in and out of his son's stretched shitter drove Sam Harding mad with lust.

Tim endured the fuck, for the first time in his life not really enjoying it. He grimaced with pain every time the thick shaft probed to the very limits of his guts. His horniness withered, but the leather dildo rubbing relentlessly against his prostate made him helpless, totally at his father's mercy.

Suddenly, with a low, measured moan of relief, he came, his cock spurting long streams of hot jizz between the table and his stomach.

Sam Harding trembled all over as he felt his son jizz beneath him. His own tormented cock and balls, hot with pleasure, abruptly fired off salvo after salvo of thick cum into the tight-fitting dildo. As the fuck-juice repeatedly pumped out of his prick, he grabbed his young quarry by the hair and began wildly flailing with his open hand at his son's face. His passion was uncontrolled, violent, beyond himself.

Tim's cheeks flushed red, and he started to cry. He had suffered much pain at the hands of his oversexed father, all too often, but never had he incurred the indignity of being slapped in the face. His mind reeled in anger and he tried to pull away, but the chains dug into his wrist.

"Sonofabitch! Jesus!" shouted Sam, pulling out the big leather dildo. The shaft made a dull, sucking noise as it slipped from his son's reddened asshole.

"Beautiful fuck. You Goddamn beautiful slave," he went on.

He swatted his son twice more, even more brutally, across the face. Tim grimaced.

Sam carefully slipped the dildo off his prick, and, as if it were an insignificant afterthought, swung it against Tim's ass, raising a big red welt. Then he exhaled wearily, and apparently satisfied, climbed to his feet, wordlessly unfastened his son's shackles, and went over to gather up his clothes.

Fearfully, Tim looked up at his father, big tears welling up in the corners of his eyes. He started to say something but bit back the words.

Sam Harding tossed the sticky, cum-filled dildo in the corner, glared defiantly at his son, then shrugged his broad shoulders and shuffled out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

## CHAPTER TWO

Tim hadn't slept all night long. His father had departed at six in the morning, cursing him as usual. The older man's last harsh admonition was that he could fucking well get his own breakfast. The only cheerful tint of the new day was the ten-dollar bill Sam had thrust in his pocket before departing on an overnight trucking trip. There was something about the sex adventure the night before, the increased level of abuse, or maybe the final slap in the face, that depressed Tim. Like straw, just one too many, the last defilement of his dignity may have been the one to break the proverbial camel's back.

A break -- that was what Tim Harding needed. He had to get away from this Goddamn servitude trip, or whatever worse Sam had dubbed it. There were other dudes out there with big cocks, there were other hot fucks --

probably more flexible and not nearly so sadistic as his warped father.

Of one thing he was sure: there were younger guys, his own age for sure, that he wanted to get his rocks off with. He wasn't about to get into any of it around here, not with Sam watching him like a patient cat. Christ!

If a guy couldn't even look at a Goddamn fuck magazine without courting trouble!

Tim hadn't talked with his mother in three months, but he knew she was shackled up with some ski instructor, a beaver-hungry dude seven years younger than herself, up at Copper Mountain. The resort was over 400

miles away, but he had a healthy thumb and an innocent face. He wouldn't even call her. Shit. That would really queer things, what with suddenly leaving school and all. He wondered if she would take him in. Hell, it really didn't matter; if he couldn't stay there, he'd move on to San Francisco and find some dude to shack up with. If his pretty ass was good enough for kin like Sam Harding, it should be capable of turning on a few well-heeled strangers.

In less than fifteen minutes he'd gathered together the bare essentials for the trip and crammed them into a small canvas bag. Anxious as he was to light out of the house, he couldn't resist one more trip to the foreboding basement. He turned on the light and looked around the damp, musty torture chamber. Pawing through several boy-boy fuck magazines, he selected several of the best copies and squeezed them into his small overnight bag. His foot struck something on the floor; it was the big leather dildo. Picking it up, he hurried back upstairs and trotted down the hallway to his father's room.

Above his dresser Sam Harding had placed a gold-framed picture of himself, a posed portrait taken many years back when he wore the uniform of a Marine sergeant with a chestful of medals. Tim grabbed the picture and hurried to the bathroom. He dropped it into the toilet, unbuttoned his fly, and let go with a long stream of piss. Finishing his leak, Tim slammed down the toilet lid and placed the big leather dildo on top in plain sight. Glancing in the mirror, he smiled to himself, feeling a strong surge of inner satisfaction. But he felt something else stir, a familiar itch deep inside him. He needed to get off, pop his rocks just once more in his house, and the big mirror in his father's bathroom turned him on. Staring down at the crotch of his faded blue jeans, he noted with considerable satisfaction that he was showing a good-sized basket. One could, he noted, if they looked close enough, make out the ridge on the knob of his cock.

Tim rubbed his hand back and forth over the bulge and felt it swell. He pressed harder, then squeezed the long prick-shaft back and forth until the revealing basket became a mountain of restrained, hot meat. Peering intently into the mirror, he considered the sexiness, the magnetism of his posture. Too fucking innocent, he figured. He'd done some reading about body language and he knew that on the road, to prompt rides, he'd have to do better.

Tim reached in his canvas bag, withdrew one of the porno magazines and looked at several pictures. All of the poses were infinitely sexier than his own. Abruptly, he tore the top of one of his pants pockets, exposing the white lining and part of his thigh. He took off his jacket dropped it to the floor, and considered his navy-blue T-shirt. Too new. He gave it a tear near



the shoulder, then stood back, feet a good foot and a half apart, and admired his work.

Sexy. Wild-looking. It would be good to hit the road just like this, but also stupid; it was winter and cold outside. The jacket would be needed.

He started to retrieve it, but hesitated. He pulled up the T-shirt a few inches and lowered his jeans, revealing his flat stomach framed with pubic hairs. Unbuttoning his fly, he pulled out his long, stiff cock, placed one foot on top of the toilet, and leaned back defiantly. He started pounding his meat, beating it as hard as he could, and it felt good; his own mesmerized, horny stare turned him on even further.

Tim grabbed his balls with his other hand, massaging them all over as he continued to whip his big prick back and forth. In the mirror his eyes bore a mean, intense look, fiery, hot and eager. The excitement built up quickly within him like an overheated boiler. He felt the ecstatic explosion coming and pointed all nine inches of his twitching, pounding cock towards the mirror. He beat his prick harder. He looked wild, he felt wild.

"Ohhhh! Goddamn mother-fucker!"

He came quickly, too quickly, shooting a long, pulsing jet of jizz up across the sink and splattering the mirror. His cock pumped again, spurting pure pleasure -- big streaks of sticky cum all across the sink and wall. Trembling all over with satisfaction, he stroked his meat slowly, milking it for the last tingle of bliss. His orgasm complete, he shook his spent prick and shoved it back inside his pants.

Hunching his shoulders and shrugging, Tim offered the dildo-draped toilet a mock salute.

"So long, you sadistic asshole!" he said.

Without bothering to wipe the dripping cum from the mirror, he threw on his jacket and headed for the door.

## CHAPTER THREE

To make better time, Tim had taken a bus to the outskirts of town. The kind of ride he wanted -- a long, overland hop across the desert and up into the Northern California foothills -- he wasn't about to find on the interurban freeways. At last arriving at a likely hitching spot on Highway 14, he chose a curb position just beyond a major intersection where the signal would slow the traffic. Since it was midweek, it was unlikely he would encounter heavy skier traffic bound for Copper Mountain or Snow Bowl. He would have to rely on local ranchers, farmers, and interstate travelers.

Tim had chosen his wardrobe for the road only after careful deliberation.

He wore a pair of skin-tight, worn Levi's that clung to his body in all the right places, especially emphasizing his round, perfectly shaped rump. His cock fell down the left side of the jeans, as usual, where the rubbing against the fabric surface had left a clearly defined worn area that emphasized the sexy tool even further. His balls, too, bulged in the tired, close-fitting jeans. The T-shirt with the torn neckline, his denim jacket with the lamb's wool collar, and a pair of dirty sneakers completed his wardrobe. Tim wore no undershorts or socks, and the duffel he carried with him contained only the barest of essentials. He was determined to travel as lightly as he could, the fewer hindrances slowing down his adventure, the better.

Four cars passed the teenager in rapid succession. The fifth vehicle, a pickup truck, approached with a young girl at the wheel. She dropped her sunglasses and looked him over carefully, but didn't slacken her speed.

As she drove past and accelerated, Tim decided to shift his balls a bit in his pants, making his prick stand out a little more. He also peeled off his jacket. The intense midmorning sun was warm and felt good as his tattered T-shirt soaked it up.

A big moving van passed, followed by an older sedan crowded with Mexican farm workers. Both vehicles ignored his outstretched thumb. Then an off-road four-wheeler tore away from the traffic signal, approached him

and braked to a stop just a short distance away. The canvas top was down and behind the wheel sat a well-tanned youth in a soiled, sweaty work shirt and broad-brimmed hat.

"Hop in, kid!" he shouted, turning casually in his seat and grinning from ear to ear.

"Great!" Tim responded, hurrying up to the jeep and thrusting his duffel in the back. He hopped in beside the young rancher type at the wheel. The driver had curly brown hair sticking out from under his straw hat and a face covered with freckles; he looked nineteen, twenty at the most.

"How far you headed?" Tim asked hesitantly.

"Forty miles or so up the highway, then five miles east over a cow shit trail. Folks got a sheep ranch out there. Where you headed?"

Tim pointed straight ahead through the windshield and shrugged. "Four hundred miles upstate. Headed for Copper Mountain."

"Shit. That's a day's trip. What's your name?"

"Tim. Tim Harding."

The young man at the wheel tore through the gears and had the jeep puffing along at sixty before he looked back again at his passenger. His hazel eyes took the teenager in eagerly, curiously, hesitantly but repeatedly focusing on the revealing bulge in Tim's worn denims.

"My name's Donovan Shawn. My friends call me Dusty." The young ranch boy's palms nervously opened and closed around the wheel. "How old are you, Tim?"

The younger boy resented the question but didn't fight it. He shrugged, slouched down in his seat, and stared vacantly out at the monotonous landscape. "Eighteen," he finally grunted softly.

"What you say?"

"I said eighteen. You got a smoke?"

"Sure. In the glove compartment." Dusty Shawn paused, once more taking in the trim youth next to him. His darting eyes missed nothing.

Tim lit a cigarette, took a long, pretentious pull of smoke and blew it out the side of his mouth. "Just changing scenes. Things got a little hot for me back in the city. Going to bunk awhile with my old lady up north -

- maybe get my ass back in school there."

Dusty's eyebrows shot up perceptibly, but he didn't pursue the subject.

They drove on for several miles in total silence, the older youth behind the wheel bearing a smug, self-satisfied look. He was sure he'd flushed out some tender, wild game and it was only a matter of time until the tasty meal would be on the table. He reached down and flicked on the radio, then brought his hand back to his crotch and let it rub casually across his balls.

Tim caught the maneuver from the corner of his eye and avoided a betraying grin by taking a quick drag from his cigarette. The young dude beside him was sexy, no dismissing that. The driver's soiled blue work shirt was rolled up at the sleeves, revealing tight, well-contoured biceps, darkly tanned from the high desert sun. His fairly new denim pants, though, weren't skin-tight like Tim's and nowhere near as revealing. Tim wondered what the young rancher had going for him in the cock and balls department. He copped a quick glance past the gear shift and down at his friend's crotch. Nothing super-conspicuous. Not yet.

Other than his father's big dick, Tim hadn't seen too many fully matured adult cocks -- the possessive older Harding had cleverly seen to that.

The ranch youth next to him might still be considered a boy, too, but he looked fully developed and was masculine as hell.

As if by some sixth sense, Tim knew something was going to happen, but he wondered if it would have to be himself to initiate the first move. No, that didn't seem right. The freckle-faced dude beside him was older, wiser,

and these were his wheels, his territory. His cock, whatever its merits, would have to make the first move.

"You dig sheep?" Dusty asked flatly.

"What?" Tim's tone was one of total bewilderment.

"Sheep! You deaf?"

Tim grinned, rubbed his fly, and broke into laughter. "Shit! You putting me on or something?"

The older youth grinned. "They'll blow your mind, man." He shrugged and pointed to a distant horizon.

Tim followed Dusty's gesturing finger but saw nothing but limitless sagebrush and tundra grass.

"My old man's ranch is out there. Hundred and fifty acres. More Goddamn sheep than you'll ever see in a lifetime. Or fuck."

Dusty Shawn figured correctly that the teenager beside him was fidgeting and uptight about something. Receptive and horny, but nervous as a kitten. Hell, what did he have to lose? If the kid didn't like how he came on, screw him, one way or another! He could walk or find another ride. Smiling thinly, he reached down to his fly and pried apart three of the button rivets on his denims. Then he probed inside with a couple of fingers and found his cock.

Tim looked over and took in the action, his mouth slightly open.

Dusty let his prick fall out on the seat between his legs. Hunching back, squirming his ass, and digging a little more with his fingers, his balls, too, spilled outside his fly. Almost instantly the long, snakelike cock began to swell.

Tim couldn't pull his wide, youthful eyes away from the young rancher's exposed meat. The cock got bigger and bigger, the perfectly shaped oval head swelling until it was a rock-hard knob at the end of a stiff, fat, straight-

up shaft. Clearly, Dusty Shawn was possessed with a bull's whang. The prick was narrower, not as fat and thick around as old Sam Harding's, but it was longer, and had a slight curve to it, making it stick up even farther. The shaft, to Tim, looked like an angry boomerang.

It also looked hot, dripping with juice and demanding, hungry and itching for action. Dusty's eyes, too, when he looked away from the wad, had taken on a wild, primitive look. Now they were hypnotically fixed on the vowing bulge inside Tim's own jeans.

"You like my tool, dude?" Dusty asked quietly.

"Jesus! It's a big fucker."

"Biggest snake ten miles either direction of the ranch."

"Get much screwing?"

"Hell yes. Can't let a hot cock like this go to seed."

"Guess not." Tim swallowed hard.

"How about you?"

Tim shrugged and felt his cock. It jerked and grew even larger under his touch. "Enough. All I can handle."

"Shit! Guy never gets enough. I bet most of your action is all jackin' off, right?"

Tim didn't answer.

"How many times a day you do it?"

Tim only shrugged. "Often as you do, I figure."

Dusty took one hand off the wheel and began to stroke the big swollen head of his cock. He rubbed it slowly, softly at first, then closed his fist around

the hard knob as tight as he could. He squeezed repeatedly, massaging the angry pink head all over, making it even more swollen and hard. His breath came faster and he felt good all over.

"Fuck, man," Dusty said hotly, "I can see you've got a roaring hard-on in your pants. Dig the cock-sucker out like me and give it a little air. No use sweating and getting your britches all wet for nothin'." He pointed to a spot on Tim's crotch. "Shit! Lookit there. Already your fucking sex-juice is leaking on you. Jesus, you're as hot and horny as lam."

Tim needed no more prodding. He quickly unbuttoned his pants and fished out his cock and balls. The end was wet and sticky, ready for action --

any action.

"My prong isn't as big as yours," he offered apologetically, at the same time stroking and stretching his rod, trying for another half-inch or so in length. Still, he could pride himself that it was fatter than Dusty's.

Dusty throttled the jeep back to an even slower speed and several cars passed, impatiently sounding their horns. He was looking for something --

a side road, trail or off-ramp. Almost any place to pull over would do.

Taking his eyes off the road briefly, he measured Tim's meat.

"That prick looks plenty big to me. Hell, matter of fact, think I'll call you 'Stud'." He grinned broadly, rubbed his own shaft even more fiercely, then wiped the sweat from his brow.

"Thanks," said Tim, basking in the compliment.

"How about it, Stud? You like that tag, don't you? Christ, I'm hot. We got to get these big pricks off, kid, before the stiff bastards shoot a hole in the sky. No sense wasting good hot jizz on nothing."

"Yeah. Guess you're right."

"Ever swallow a mouthful of hot starch?" Tim's face drew a blank. "What?"

"Sex-juice, dammit. Hot cum, man."

Tim shrugged. "Yeah. Guess so," he mumbled.

Dusty beamed. "Shit, you never seen anybody pap off as much jizz as I squirt. Hold it. Here's a side road we can turn off into. Let's head up behind that big sign on the knoll."

He drove the jeep over a slight embankment and up behind a large highway billboard. The area was heavily rutted with tire marks; others, for whatever reasons, had also sought out the sanctuary away from the busy highway.

Tim's eyes widened and he felt big goosebumps all over as he watched Dusty turn off the jeep's motor and unbutton his shirt. Wordlessly, lips firmly set, the ranch boy quickly tossed it aside and went to work on the big bronze buckle at the top of his denims. Tim watched in fascination as the older youth's muscles danced beneath the deeply tanned skin. He was envious; he wanted a body like that someday. Tightening his grip around his prick, Tim rubbed its throbbing head slowly, deliberately, back and forth against the rough fabric of his Levi's.

"Jesus, Tim, I'm hot as a piston," grunted Dusty as he abruptly shoved his jeans down to his knees and revealed the biggest thicket of pubic hair Tim had ever seen.

"Yeah. Uh, I guess I am, too," replied Tim eagerly.

He felt wild, wild all over. It was a good feeling, not at all like the mixed emotions of curiosity and degradation he had repeatedly experienced back home with his father. He prayed his new companion harbored no similar sadistic inclinations. There was only one way to find out! He, too, quickly doffed his shirt and stripped off his jeans. Turning in the seat, he let his knee fall across Dusty's hairy thigh and swallowed hard.

His eyes as wide as an innocent doe's, he gazed at the youth behind the wheel pleadingly, innocently, waiting. His lips were moist, curved in an enigmatic smile.



"Horny little bastard, aren't you?" Dusty asked, but did not wait for an answer.

His broad-brimmed cowboy hat fell to the floor as his head dove frantically for Tim's succulent crotch, his hot, wet mouth quickly devouring the teenager's cock. He sucked it in feverishly, swallowing the young, perfect prick up, all the way to the balls. Tim shivered with excitement and reached around, trying to fondle the older youth's balls, but Dusty pushed him back.

Dusty Shawn was hot. Too fucking hot for words! His hands trembled as they caressed, fondled and rubbed the teenager's body from armpit to asshole and back again. His big balls ached and he knew he could explode with cum at any minute. The kid next to him was beautiful, groovy. Just too Goddamn unbelievably sexy. He sucked harder, expertly, on the generous cock, feeling it grow even bigger, its delicious wet tip pressing against the back of his throat. The boy's sweaty big balls kept slapping back and forth against his chin, driving him to a greater frenzy.

Tim, too, was almost delirious with pleasure. "Suck, suck," he whispered, pushing his hips into the older youth's face. "Goddamn, you've got a hot tongue. I dig it. Ohhhh! Damn!! I want to come so fucking bad!" Lifting his head, Dusty let go of Tim's saliva-covered cock and stared at the teenager with dark eyes as hot as coals. He ran the tip of his tongue over his lips and whispered coarsely: "We're going to get it off right fine, Tim. I'm going to suck all the fucking jizz out of you I can and then you're going to get mine." He shook his curly head of hair slowly back and forth, almost menacingly, all the while pinning Tim's shoulders back so hard they ached.

"Yesssirreee, baby, before we get out of here we're going to drown each other in hot cum. You dig?"

Tim nodded. His cock stiffened under Dusty's aggressive, harsh manner. It was hard as a billyclub, standing straight up.

Dusty went back to work on its shaft, feverishly licking Tim's cock all the way from its hairy base to the tip, where he sucked with relish at the warm juice oozing from the silt in the head. Then he pounced for the teenager's crotch and gulped in Tim's steaming balls, savoring, mouthing one sac at a time. He sucked at one ball, then the other, frantically licking and

consuming the sweet youthful sweat, the aroma of adolescent musk and sex playing total havoc with his senses.

Tim began to squeal, ever so softly, with pleasure.

Dusty's strong arms pulled Tim forward in his seat in an effort for the older youth to get at the teenager's succulent little asshole with his tongue, but the front of the jeep was too confining. There wasn't room.

Not wasting a second, the young rancher was instantly out of the vehicle and dashing nude to the other side. Expertly, skillfully, as though he was subduing one of his own sheep for a clipping, he had the youth flat on his back across the front seat, his legs drawn overhead wide apart, his cock pointing skyward. Dusty could now stand on the ground, get all the traction he needed, and get at every last morsel.

"You going to fuck me?" Tim asked almost pleadingly.

"Later, later."

Tim began moaning. "Do anything you want, man. Eat the hell out of me.

Just suck and lick my balls and ass. I love it. You're the greatest!"

Dusty's own sex-juices were percolating hotter and hotter, bubbling up from deep within his muscular workingman's body. His face was flushed as he reached down and ran his eager fingers over Tim's round, perfectly formed ass-cheeks.

"Beautiful," he grunted. "Goddamn beautiful ass." He bit his lip and frowned. "But how the shit you get these red welts across your rump? You been punished or something?"

Tim sighed audibly. "Forget it. Nothing important. I'll tell you later."

He dropped both feet, resting them on the ranch youth's broad shoulders.

Dusty didn't pursue the subject. He scanned the abused buttocks once more with curiosity, shook his head, and an instant later his face was back in the

teenager's crotch, his time eating and licking with total abandon at Tim's pinched-shut asshole. He licked all around the tender edges, savoring the moist sweat clinging to the tiny threads of hair, then his ravenous tongue forced its way inside the forbidden cavity, probing the inner recesses of its twitching, smooth walls.

Tim lay perfectly still, totally swept up in the ecstatic tingling sensation of the hot, burrowing tongue in his asshole. He moaned softly, the puffing sounds of unabashed pleasure. While his companion rimmed his tender asshole, Tim stoked his cock from top to bottom, his fingers wrapped around it so tightly it almost pained him.

"Shit, Dusty, I could let you eat my bung-hole all day it feels so good!"

The older youth ate at the hole for a full minute more, then withdrew his tongue, stood back, and wiped his saliva-dripping face with his arm.

"Best ass I ever ate, too," he mumbled, at the same time thrusting his hips up against Tim's rump and sliding his long prick right alongside the teenager's.

He worked up several mouthfuls of spit and coated both hunks of meat with it until they were oozing wet and slippery from top to bottom.

Gently, slowly, he worked the saliva back and forth over both shafts, rubbing them tightly against each other.

"Feel fuckin' good?" Dusty asked gruffly.

Tim's only response was a low, guttural groan of pleasure.

The ranch youth brought his other hand to play. With both fists, he wrapped his long slender fingers around both shafts, squeezing them together with all his strength until the spit oozed through his fingers.

Both youths winced at the pain. Slowly at first, then faster, he worked the stiff, excited cocks back and forth, rubbing them harder and harder against each other with his clenched fists. The big, glistening heads chafed and

throbbed with alternate spasms of pleasure and pain; both youth's bodies shook all over with excitement.

"Balls!" shouted Tim. "Oh, shit, I'm going to pop off, man! I can't wait!

Suck the mother! Get your tongue around my cock!"

"Later, baby, later," grunted Dusty, continuing his relentless, clenched strokes on the two pricks. "I'm coming, too, you horny, beautiful little sonofabitch! Too fucking excited. Oh... shit! Shittt!"

They shot off. Together, like two angry volcanoes erupting at the same time.

"Godamighty! Love it!"

The warm white cum gushed up, splattering into the air and onto Tim's stomach and chest. The two throbbing, stiff cocks shot again and again, spewing forth load after load of sticky jizz, great gobs of it.

Dusty's face bore a tortured expression; his young partner's eyes were closed tight, his full red lips trembling with each diminishing ejaculation. Both nude bodies shivered and shook from head to toe.

His energy drained, the ranch youth pulled away and sat on the ground opposite the jeep. "Fuck," he snapped, breaking the awkward silence. "I'm thirsty. Toss me one of those cans of beer in the back."

Tim sat up in the seat, looked down with unconcern at the gobs of white cum streaming down his chest, then searched for something to wipe himself off with.

"Forget it," Dusty said. "I'll taking it off in a minute. Just get me the Goddamn beer."

Tim gazed down at his chest and stomach, then back over to his friend sprawled on the sandy soil. The older youth pointed to his tongue, then rolled it across his lips as he eyed the river of jizz on Tim's body.

Tim shrugged and poked around in the back seat of the jeep until he found a six pack of beer.

"Help yourself," Dusty offered.

Tim tossed a can to his friend, then opened one for himself. He was thirsty and the cool liquid felt good as he greedily sloshed it down.

Dusty, he noted, took only a couple of swigs from his can. Already the older youth was on his feet and approaching him; his cock, no longer stiff as a board and pointed straight out, was, nonetheless, still a formidable weapon as it swung back and forth between his legs.

Dusty grabbed Tim's shoulders and pulled the teenager's face into his furry chest. He ran his fingers through the youth's brown locks, teasing them.

"You know, kid, I really get off on you. Hope you're not in any hurry to get up the road. I got some ideas for a little fun. What do you say?"

Tim shrugged.

"Only take a couple of hours or so -- maybe less."

Tim nodded in approval, then pulled back, still uncomfortable over the sticky flood of cum on his chest.

"So big deal," said Dusty, scowling slightly. "Forget the fuck-pudding!

Hell, nothing like dessert after a meal." He dropped his head and began licking the sticky cum off the youth's chest and stomach.

Tim got off on the sensation, especially when his companion ran his tongue over and around his tight little nipples. The feeling was instant electricity and his cock stirred again. Dusty made good his interest in dessert by swallowing every drop of his own and Tim's jizz.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Shoeless, chests bare, the two youths wore only their partially buttoned jeans as they continued their jeep journey up Route 14. The vehicle had covered a good five miles before Dusty broke the silence.

"Still thinking about papa back in town?" His left toe nervously brushed back and forth against the clutch pedal as he spoke.

Tim ended his lengthy, bored stare at the passing landscape and slowly turned towards the grinning youth behind the wheel. This Dusty Shawn had a magnetic, likeable personality, no getting around that; but there was something withheld, something secretive about him that taxed Tim's curiosity. He considered his new friend's query for several seconds.

"Yeah. First time I've been out on my own," he finally replied.

Dusty withdrew one hand from the wheel and let it fall on Tim's leg, giving his kneecap a gentle squeeze.

Tim returned the older youth's enigmatic smile.

"Any regrets?" Dusty asked.

Difficult as it was, Tim tried to maintain his smile. "I'm not sure. I mean... Well, just thinking about it, the old man's going to be sore as hell if and when I ever do return."

Dusty shook his head slowly, grunted, then abruptly spit out the driver's side of the jeep. "From the way I see it, he's not the only one who'll be sore if you deliver your butt back there. Want to tell me about those welts on your rump?"

"No big thing."

"You enjoy getting the shit kicked out of you, don't you?"

"What the fuck makes you think that?" Reddening, Tim looked away and frantically searched the monotonous horizon, but found nothing of interest, nothing important enough to conveniently change the subject.

"How far to the next town?" he asked unnecessarily. A mileage sign appeared at the roadside just ahead of the jeep.

Dusty Shawn pressed his point. "I can always spot the types. Been around for a while and spent a few weekends in San Fran and L.A. Then there's New Orleans and that friggin' Mardi Gras. I may be a ranch boy, but I learn fast. Real fast." He paused, looking over and taking in the teenager beside him from top to bottom. "You've got the makings of needing a good, hard fuck. The harder the better, right?"

Tim flushed and lowered his eyes. Deep down he was getting to like Dusty's intent manner. His cock, was, in fact, stirring again with excitement. There was something frightening, adventurous, exciting about a complete stranger like Dusty Shawn -- especially a stranger as young, wild, and sexy-looking as he was. He had appeared from out of nowhere, mysterious in his manner, intent of purpose. Tim liked this unknown quality. Ever since puberty he had never really understood his emotions, but what was probably worse, he found no inspiration to try. The bizarre, the unusual turned him on, totally! Even now, just minutes after orgasm, he was getting horny again and felt a gnawing urge to get right out there in the desert and go for it. Rolling around in the choking dust, shucking off their din-covered jeans, he would let Dusty do what he wanted, like socking his big cock into his butt and fucking up a Goddamn storm right out in the middle of the sagebrush, under the hot desert sun and intense blue sky. He rubbed his crotch and felt his prick pulse and start to stiffen. Jesus!

Dusty Shawn looked over at his traveling companion and caught the wanton look in his young, expressive eyes. Then he noticed the bulge in the teenager's crotch. Exhaling in a quick, nervous gasp, the young rancher wiped the perspiration from his brow, set his bare foot on the brake, and gradually slowed the jeep. His own cock was surging in his jeans.

"Christ!" he said. "You're a horny little bastard. Fucking hot-blooded as I am."

The vehicle came to a halt off to one side of the gravel shoulder. The highway was deserted in both directions.

"Whew!" said Tim finally. "Sure is hot out here."

"Yeah. Get you buns out of the jeep and let's take a walk."

Tim looked around at the barren, flat desert country with its lack of ground cover. Not even a sagebrush or tumbleweed. "Walk to where?"

"Come on, chicken-shit, move it."

The two youths hastened off across the hot ground, their bare feet planted ever so briefly every step of the way on the coarse soil. When they were less than two hundred feet from the road, Dusty stopped, gasped Tim by the waistband of his jeans and spun him in his tracks. The surprised teenager stared back at the ranch youth with frightened but expectant eyes.

"Here?" Tim asked, his voice quavering. "I dunno."

"Good a place as any. Some asshole wants to watch, he'll get an eyeful regardless how far out we hike. Besides, farther off the highway we wander the bigger the population of ground critters."

Tim looked anxiously around him.

"Rattlers and scorpions," Dusty added, but before there was time for the threats to register with his impressionable friend, he was already at work on the youth's jeans.

Tim, startled back to reality and their reason for being out here in the first place, began to unfasten the fly to his pants himself. Dusty roughly cuffed his hand away. There was something tough, hard, and insistent about the older youth's manner -- a new aggressiveness Tim had not seen before. Harshly, almost brutally, Dusty tore the faded, tight Levi's down from Tim's waist, stripping them all the way to the teenager's ankles. He didn't bother to take them off, instead turning his attention to his own jeans. These he quickly peeled all the way off and tossed aside; then he stood there, defiant,



with both feet planted a good two feet apart and sporting a massive hard-on aimed straight up at the desert sun.

Tim, a short distance away, started to step out of his jeans. Dusty, without a word of warning, suddenly was on top of him, anchoring him to the ground, holding him tight with his strong arms and muscular shoulders.

"No!" the ranch youth snapped. "The Goddamn pants throttle your ankles and keep you nice and still. Just like binding a sheep. A stud doesn't get kicked that way."

"What are you going to do?" Tim asked innocently. Too innocently, he figured, biting his lip and feeling foolish for having asked the question. "I mean, I was wondering..."

"Stow it!" Dusty grinned, not the easy, sexy grin he had shown before, but an insidious smile that conveyed undisguised self-interest and deceit. "I think you need a little lesson, pretty boy," he added. "I'm going to show you what a really good fuck is all about." His tone was cold and flat, for the first time menacing.

Tim's initial intrigue was giving way to apprehension. Half-afraid now, he edged back slightly from Dusty's bear like grip.

"What's the matter? Chicken-shit little bastard!"

"Nobody's chicken, but just go easy, understand?"

The young rancher laughed coarsely. "No fucking fun that way."

"What makes you so sure I enjoy getting corn-holed?"

Dusty laughed again. His loud guffaws changed to a low, belittling snicker that burned Tim to the core.

Tim's brain was fighting back, repelled by Dusty's new manner, but still his cock was erect and his balls ached for action of some kind. The firm, well-tanned body caressing him, the hard, stiff prick pressing between his legs,

the odor of sweat, and the sex-syrup already oozing from the end of his own cock had all fired his senses, consuming totally any sensibility he had left.

Dusty Shawn pushed harder against Tim's smaller frame with his strong hips. Two sets of balls slapped against each other repeatedly, fiercely.

Neither youth made the slightest effort to kiss. Neither body yearned for bliss or affection; the name of the game was brutal, selfish sex in the strongest animal meaning of the word. Dusty drove his hot tongue into Tim's ear, salivating freely and gnawing at the inner folds, licking with total abandon, at the same time whispering coarse, dirty phrases.

"You hot Mother-fuck! I'm going to have that juicy hot shit-hole of yours all to myself. You need my big cock bad, don't you? Go ahead, say it!

It's going all the way up, understand? The whole fucking stick. Then your hungry guts are gonna suck and soak up every bit of my sticky, sweet cum and maybe a little piss to boot. You think you can handle that? Baby, you think your old man was rough? Just wait, shit-face, until I finish!"

Abruptly, Dusty stood back and glowered at the youngster before him with eyes hot as coals. His curly hair was matted to his wet forehead and his hairy chest glistened with sweat.

"Damn. Sweet damn, I've been looking forward to balling a prize like you!

All right, baby. Bend over and grab your fucking ankles. Now, Goddammit!

What the hell are you waiting for?"

The desert highway, until now, had been void of traffic. A tanker truck passed, slowed slightly, then proceeded up the road. Tim looked nervously after it, scanned the highway in both directions, then obediently, almost dutifully, bent over and grabbed his ankles. His firm, round, youthful buttocks glistened like ripe honeydews in the midday sun.

For several seconds Dusty Shawn gazed admiringly at the beautiful, well-proportioned buttocks enticingly thrust up in his face. When at last his

hungry eyes had glutted themselves on the visual feast before him, he sighed softly and went to work. Carefully, he spread the ass-cheeks apart and laid a handful of slippery spit in their moist, sweaty cavity, massaging it back and forth over the tiny, sensitive hairs surrounding the squeezed-shut bung-hole. Then he worked up another mouthful of saliva, bent over, and spat the entire load directly into the eyelike sphincter glaring back at him. The asshole puckered as Tim trembled all over.

Dusty's prick was ready, expectant. Not letting a drop of the slippery lubricant ooze away, he immediately had his enormous meat into position, its big head probing, pushing at Tim's little shitter. The angry red cock-head, almost the size of a billiard ball and just as hard, rammed again and again at the slippery asshole until all at once the stubborn but tender muscles relaxed and the massive cock plunged inside the boy's butt with a hollow, sucking sound.

"Ohhh," moaned Tim. He continued to whimper, ever so softly, then brought his hands up to his knees, trying to reposition his ass for a less painful fuck. He knew from prior experience there was no such thing as a comfortable screw while bending over or standing up -- the human torso just wasn't built that way! Especially not to accommodate huge boomerang-shaped pricks the likes of his new acquaintance, Dusty Shawn.

"Hell, let's do it flat out on the ground, okay?" asked Tim pleadingly.

His eyes were still riveted to the empty highway. "Less conspicuous that way."

The older youth's only response was a low, guttural chuckle. Shoving his hips all the way up against Tim's ass-cheeks until they hit with a dull thud, his long cock rammed into the boy's asshole as far as it would reach inside his lower gut. Tim grimaced with pain, his every muscle taut as a piano wire.

"NO!" Tim wailed at the top of his voice. "JESUS! NO, MAN! PULL THE FUCKER BACK! NOW!" He wanted to lean forward, to step away, but the Levi's around his ankles prevented him from moving.

Dusty, oblivious to his quarry's pleas, only ground his fingers deeper into Tim's shoulders, holding the youth firmly, rigidly in place. Then he wiggled his hips and felt his hot, pulsating prick tingle with pleasure as it began to explore inside the teenager, forcing its way in every direction, probing the innermost, velvet-smooth recesses of Tim's succulent, deep asshole.

"Why the hell lay down, baby?"

Tim frowned and bit his lip even harder. Before Dusty had called him Stud. Now he was tagging him baby! His father had used the term often and he patently disliked it.

"You hear me, Tim?" Dusty's voice bore a patronizing tone. "More fun standing up, screwing up a storm just like this. Shit! Wait'll a carful of chicks go by -- or little old ladies yet. They'll pop their Goddamn eye sockets out!" Then, as if to punctuate his remarks, he slammed his hips forcefully against Tim's rump. His cock rammed home. "Besides, I get a lot more out of you this way, baby. A lot more! You feel it?" Wham!

Again the jackhammer hips struck home.

"Easy! Easy! Please," Tim begged. "Not so hard." The youth's voice dropped off into a low whimper. The sounds were not unlike a punished puppy.

The pleading from the teenager only served to stimulate the muscular, determined, older youth. Dusty's eyes appeared gazed in the fury of their concentration. Wiping the sweat from his forehead, he grabbed Tim by the waist and started to fuck in earnest -- short, abrupt thrusts at first, then long, deliberate strokes that rammed into the smaller youth's asshole with the force of a pile-driver. With each thrust Dusty pulled Tim's hips back towards his waist at the same time, and each time they slammed together his cock penetrated deeper and deeper. The angry impact of their fucking bodies repeatedly rattled Tim's teeth. Small tears formed in the teenager's eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

"Please, please!" the youth begged.

"Beg me, you beautiful little sonofabitch, beg me!" Dusty fucked faster and faster, ramming his cock home with all his strength.

"Stop! You're killing me!"

Two cars sped by on the highway, horns sounding, the occupants staring out in disbelief.

Dusty Shawn did not look up, but continued his frenzied, wild screwing.

In and out, harder and harder he fucked, his body trembling all over with each driving, penetrating thrust of his cock. The pleasure was making him delirious, his breath coming in short gasps. Harder and harder he slammed his heavy prick up Tim's wiggling ass. The youth was trying to pull away from him, desperately trying to take less of the angry relentless cock, but Dusty wouldn't relent.

"Wait!" cried Tim. "Lemme rest a minute!"

"Fuck yourself!" Dusty gasped. "I want all of you now, you beautiful little piss-slave. Beg me to stop some more! Go ahead, just try!"

Tim grimaced. The agony was unbearable. Gathering every ounce of his strength, he jerked violently away from Dusty's grip on his waist. The older youth's cock slipped out as Tim fell to the ground.

"I told you to stop!" the teenager shouted.

The young rancher, stunned and unfulfilled, stood still for several seconds, his chest heaving, his eyes fired with anger.

"Bastard! You little bastard!" he said repeatedly.

Suddenly, he reached forward, grabbed Tim by his long locks of hair, and brusquely pulled him to his feet. Struggling, the younger boy cursed furiously.

"Goddamn you! Let go of me, mother-fucker! You no-good..."

Wordlessly, Dusty Shawn slapped the boy across one side of his face, then the other. Tim's cheeks instantly reddened from the blows, and he fell silent. Then he started to sob.

The young rancher, ignoring the tears, slapped him harder than before.

"Now grab those ankles and stay put. Nobody, but nobody, gives Dusty Shawn half a fuck. No way. No matter how groovy they are! You understand, cry-baby?" Already his big prick had penetrated and was sliding relentlessly, vengefully, up inside Tim's asshole.

Tears streaming down his chin, his heart thumping in his ears, Tim's misery could not have been more complete. His only relief, his only hope, lay in the probability that his tormentor was not far away from popping his nuts. There was no way that his body could endure much more of this torture.

Dusty clasped Tim's hips even more firmly than before and started fucking with renewed fury. He rammed his big, curved meat in and out relentlessly, his hips striking the teenager's rump with such force that it reddened all over.

Despite the terrible agony Dusty's big prick was causing him, or perhaps because of it -- Tim couldn't be sure -- the urgency of his own juices, his own vitality, was bubbling up again and he couldn't ignore it. Was he totally conditioned, sexually in need of being used and abused? Sweet, dear juice was oozing from his cock as behind him Dusty continued his furious fuck.

Tim took one hand off his ankles and began to stroke his meat; it not only felt good, but it was the only way to endure the pain.

"Ohhh, Christ, kid!" Dusty moaned as he repeatedly licked his lips.

"Ahhhh! Oh, damn, your hot asshole -- I'm going to come, Tim! Jesus Christ!"

His cock plunged in as far as it would go, almost lifting the teenager off the ground. Then his body jerked violently as a thick stream of cum squirted from his agonized meat. From head to toe he twitched and tingled with

pleasure as the jizz surged again and again through his long shaft, out into the deep recesses of his companion's hot, cavernous asshole.

Tim, for the first time, was able to unwind and savor the excitement. The slippery cum was lubricating Dusty's big prick, soothing the stinging pain in his shitter.

"Ohhh," groaned the older youth repeatedly as he savored the flood of pleasure. "God damn, what a good fuck!"

Tim raised his body; curiously, despite his sore asshole, he continued to push back against his tormentor. He felt the hairy, sweaty chest on his back and savored its warmth. This was one fuck he would remember for a long time.

"God, Dusty," he lamented, "I thought you'd kill me. Hell, at least your cum feels good. Shoot some more into me!"

Pursing and sucking with his asshole, he wiggled his rump farther into Dusty's crotch, swallowing up as much as he could of the still-jizzing cock.

Pumping his own meat as fast as he could, Tim felt the electricity of his climax build quickly within him. Just as Dusty's last wad of sperm shot into his asshole, he let go with his own orgasm. He shuddered with fulfillment and pleasure as the sticky white jizz shot in long, pulsating streams across the ground. When it was all over, he exhaled wearily and glanced back at his companion.

"Goddammit, Dusty. You really know how to pretend to be a sadist!"

The older youth looked back at him.

Tim went on, "You're too bitchin' wild for me, I guess." He gathered up his crumpled jeans and pulled them up to his waist. "I've got a long way to go before I catch up with you."

The young rancher, a little groggy after all the fury he had expended on Tim's asshole, ambled over to his own pants, slid into them, and tucked his

soft cock away. Sighing audibly, he slowly buttoned his fly and looked over to the teenager with an expression of mixed guilt and embarrassment.

"Never did get around to pissing on you," he grumbled, then started to chuckle.

"You're putting me on," retorted Tim.

Dusty winked. "Try me."

"I already have."

"You learn fast," the older youth said, his tone a little menacing, despite the remorse on his face. "But maybe not fast enough."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

The young rancher smiled broadly, eyeing the teenager before him. His lips curled slightly; his brain, from all outward appearances, was doing some rapid calculating. His eyes darted briefly off to the distant horizon, then returned to Tim.

"You've got some things to learn, Stud. When you do, you won't have to run away from home, no matter how tough the old man."

Off in the distance, where the highway disappeared into nothingness, a red flashing light was approaching at a rapid pace. Tim saw it first and pointed.

"Shit," Dusty grumbled. "Maybe somebody's alerted Smokey cop. Let's split out of here. Hustle, man."

Both youths made a dash for the jeep and jumped inside. Seconds later they were roaring down Route 14, still northbound, doing 55 miles an hour, the picture of innocence.



## CHAPTER FIVE

Despite considerable misgivings, Tim had accompanied Dusty the several miles off the main highway to the older youth's ranch. The spread, he had been told, of course wasn't Dusty's; it belonged to his parents, who, at present, were conveniently out of town for several days. The jeep circled around the gray clapboard house and headed out towards a tall barn that stood on a rolling knoll.

"You getting hungry?" asked Dusty.

"Yeah. Guess I could use a bite," replied Tim eagerly.

"Tell you what. Show you around the place first, then we'll shag on down to the house. Plenty of cold chicken and potato salad in the refrig."

"Sounds super."

"In the meantime, grab us a couple of beers and I'll give you the tour."

Tim dutifully found the brew, flipped the can lids, and tossed one to Dusty. They climbed out of the jeep, Tim's watchful eyes not failing to notice that the young rancher had left the vehicle's keys in the ignition. Good thing to remember, he reasoned, if things got a little out of hand.

Several geese strolled by, cackling and raising a ruckus. A big gander started pecking at Dusty's ankle but he quickly, almost with sadistic delight, kicked the bird away.

Beyond the barn to the north was a hog pen and off behind it were the sheep. More wool on the hoof than Tim had ever seen before in his life.

Considering Dusty's earlier remarks about the animals, Tim was immediately defensive.

"Don't get any funny ideas now about your farmyard friends, okay? I'm adventurous, but I'm not hard up!"

"God damn it to hell. I never did see such a prissy, uptight city kid!"

Dusty shook his head. "Okay then, you want to come in the barn and see some of my civilized type toys?"

Tim shuffled his feet. His eyes nervously darted from Dusty over to the barn door and back again. The battered old barn looked innocent enough.

Still...

"Dunno," he stammered, "what kind of toys?" His mind raced back to the city, his father's makeshift dungeon, and the torture gear the old man had conveniently labeled "toys".

Dusty grinned, rubbed his hairy chest, and opened the barn door. "Just some stuff I picked up last trip to San Francisco." He jerked his head towards the open door, beckoning for Tim to follow along. "C'mon, Tim, maybe we can work up an even stronger appetite."

"Aw, shit, I dunno if I'm in the mood."

"Follow me, dammit." Dusty said, then took a swig of his beer.

Tim frowned, slowly shook his head, and shuffled inside the barn after his companion. His friend was loco! Hell, he was hungry enough to eat a bear. If it was sex the ranch kid was after again, he could damn well wait. He wondered if that was all Dusty Shawn ever thought about. He wasn't long on conversation about anything else.

Two narrow columns of sunlight streamed into the barn from overhead skylights, illuminating the musty interior. The ranch was void of cattle and it appeared the barn hadn't been used for much of anything except storage. A fairly new tractor was parked at the near end along with some cultivating equipment, and several crates and pieces of old furniture lined one wall. A workbench and storage cabinets occupied the other side of the structure.

Dusty paused and pointed to a ladder that led to the overhead hayloft.

"Let's go up here. Watch yourself on the rungs or you'll be picking slivers the size of toothpicks out of your bare feet."

Climbing quickly, the older youth stood at the top of the ladder and looked down. Playfully, he kicked a pile of straw over the edge of the loft and laughed as the debris ruffled down on Tim's head. The teenager's beer fell to the ground and rolled away.

"Hey! Watch it, you bastard!" Tim shouted.

Shaking his head like a wet dog, he scurried up the ladder. When he reached the top, he was surprised to see that the loft was far bigger than it had appeared from down below.

Dusty pointed to a boarded-off corner at the far end of the haypile.

"Over there," he said a bit boastfully, "that's my secret sanctuary. The old man's got arthritis so bad he can't climb up here. Makes it nice and private this way."

Curious and expectant, Tim shuffled through the hay after Dusty. When they reached the boarded up area, Tim could see that it wasn't a room but a closet or storage area, half the front of which was a hinged door constructed of flat timbers. The latch bore a heavy padlock.

Dusty reached into his denims and found a key. He quickly had the lock open. Smiling in self-satisfaction, he slowly swung open the door, then stood back for Tim to gaze at his secret little cache.

"What do you think?" the ranch youth asked.

At first Tim thought he was looking in on a closet of harness equipment for mules or horses, but his eyes became accustomed to the dim light and he saw that the tools and leather accessories lining the walls were of a diabolical nature. Some of the gear, he had, in fact, seen before! All of them, he knew, were meant to be used on humans -- the long cat-o'-nine-tails included.

Dusty Shawn had carefully arranged his collection, the smaller items of a shelf above, the masks, studded belts, restrainers, whips, and chains on hooks below. On the floor, neatly lined in pairs, were an assortment of heavy leather boots. Hanging on a hook above the large mirror that lined the inside of the door was a black leather motorcycle jacket. Suspended from one epaulet was a circular band of leather a couple of inches in diameter, covered with pointed steel studs. From the other epaulet hung a single steel ring of the same diameter.

Awestruck, Tim's eyes consumed the contents of the closet slowly, then they roved to the mirror, the jacket, and finally the curious shoulder ornaments. He hesitantly reached up to one of the epaulets and lifted one of the suspended objects.

"What are these?" he asked, innocently.

Dusty's eyebrows shot up perceptibly. "Shit, you never seen a cock ring before? You are green, aren't you?"

Tim blushed slightly, but didn't take his eyes off the black leather ring with the big studs. "Hell, I've seen a lot of this shit before. Just never seen one like that," he offered, covering.

"Take off your britches," Dusty snapped.

"Now?"

"Yes, now, dammit."

"I thought we were going to eat." Even before Tim had completed the statement, Dusty was at work on the buttons on his fly.

"And don't go tiring up a hard-on! Not yet," the ranch boy instructed as he quickly removed the leather cock ring from the jacket. "Makes it easier to put on when your meat is soft." Expertly, in less than a second, Dusty had the studded black leather band under and around Tim's cock and balls.

For the first time the teenager noted that the circular band had studs pointing in both directions, inside and outside its circumference. Both ends were pointed and encircled his meat, except for the adjustable snaps where the piece joined together. Dusty drew the cock ring as tight as he could and Tim cried out in pain.

"Jesus! Too tight!" he cried as the steel studs bit into his balls and cock. Instantly, his meat surged and began to swell; his balls became big and swollen as the ring pinched tighter and tighter.

Dusty looked on in obvious approval. "There. See what I mean? You're learning fast, kid. Now you know first-hand what a Goddamn cock ring's all about. Your whang'll not only get bigger than ever before, but it'll stay hard as a rock."

"But my balls, dammit, they're killing me!"

"Horseshit. You love it."

The older youth was already at work cramming his own jewels and prick into the circular steel ring he had retrieved from the other epaulet.

"This one's a little different," he advised. "Does the same thing but you've got to get all your meat through the ring before you're too fucking horny. Once you're erect, there's no way possible you can get the cock-sucker on. Tighter than hell, too. You can see it won't adjust, and if you buy the wrong size -- shit, better get a hacksaw or choke to death."

Tim was barely listening to Dusty and paid no attention to his companion's cock ring. He was fascinated by his own new toy. His tortured prick was sticking straight up, every little vein along its shaft sticking out like a road map. The knob on its end was bigger than he had ever seen it before, red and angry all over and twitching with convulsive little jerks.

The two youths looked at each other's dicks. Dusty's smile was bland, almost mocking. His cock had swollen as big as a baseball bat and clearly was an inch longer than Tim's.

"Like I said earlier, kid, you've got a lot to learn to catch up with me."  
Turning aside, he thrust his well-tanned arms and shoulders into the leather motorcycle jacket.

Nursing his curiosity, Tim watched Dusty dress. He was excited, but afraid.

"Now then, the cock ring is just a start," the ranch youth said, poking his head back in the closet. A second later he bobbed back out. "Here.

Put on these."

He handed the teenager a black leather vest and a wide, studded wristband that matched his cock ring. Then he withdrew from the top shelf a black face hood designed to cover the entire head and lace under the chin. He handed it to Tim but the youth pushed it away.

"Afraid of the dark?" Dusty asked in a bitter tone.

"I don't dig that kind of bondage," snapped the teenager firmly.

Dusty Shawn placed the face mask on the floor, off to one side. "What kind do you go for?"

"None of it." Tim paused, reflecting on his escape from his father's clutches just hours earlier. "Not any more."

"Bullshit. You're a slave all the way. I can tell. Wait and see."

As if he had timed his remarks very carefully, Dusty withdrew a six-foot-long length of chain from the closet. At each end were leather hasps and one of these he fastened to his ankle. The other hasp, when Tim saw it, was much larger -- it was, in fact, a dog collar with big silver studs!

"Put it on," growled Dusty, sounding very much like a belligerent Doberman himself.

Tim's eyes flinched and he looked away. Still, his balls and cock were hot and horny; he wanted the collar at the same time he was appalled by it. His

brain swirled. The image, he knew, was ridiculous -- but nonetheless exciting.

"Wh-Who needs it?" he finally stammered, his hand pushing the collar away.

Despite his youth, Dusty had some previous experience at the master-slave game. For one thing he had learned not to take no for an answer. Never this early in the little program, at least. Instantly, before Tim could protest again, he had the studded collar around the teenager's neck.

Another two seconds and it was firmly secured.

"But I told you..."

"Shut up, slave!"

As long as the two youths stood close together, the chain length permitted Tim to remain standing, but if Dusty moved even the shortest distance away, he would have to stoop or crawl after him.

"I don't like to be called slave."

"Before we're through, you'll love the word. What's more, you'll learn to call me Master!"

Dusty Shawn silently continued to dress for his role. He pulled on a black leather G-string covered with row after row of shiny pointed studs, pulled his cock and balls through a big hole in its center, then tightly secured its heavy supporting chain to his waist.

"Like this, kid?"

Next he put on a long, leather wristlet and a pair of black motorcycle boots with big silver buckles. He smiled thinly.

"Costumes, baby. That's what the whole friggin' world is about. More fun this way when we kick the skit out of each other!"

The cowhide-garbed youth's tone was gruff and uncompromising. He completed his wardrobe with a pair of black leather driving gloves.

Tim's face grew ashen. He had no intention of kicking the shit out of anyone. Fantasy he could handle -- with all its play-acting fears and implied threats. Even controlled pain he could consider. But this? And there wasn't another living soul around for miles! Jesus! His father had never told him about times like this. And there was no pretending taking place here. All this was past the point of pretending.

"Well?" Dusty asked defiantly, his eyes narrowing.

Tim wanted to say something strong, something final, but his raging hard-on betrayed him. Worst of all, his frightened, bewildered eyes invited Dusty's attack.

The older youth jerked the chained dog collar violently and pulled Tim to his knees with a thud. Without a moment's hesitation his legs were thrust forward and his cock jammed into the teenager's mouth. With his free hand Dusty reached behind him, found the riding crop hanging in the closet, and quickly brought it into play. Whap! The leather struck Tim's rump.

"Suck my cock good, slave!" he ordered, bringing the whip back and giving the youth another stringing blow on the ass.

Tim shuddered, but his mouth and throat were forcibly filled with Dusty's big meat and he couldn't cry out. He tried to jerk away, but his tormentor locked his knees tightly around his head until his ears pained.

Then Dusty started fucking him in the mouth, slowly at first, then deeper and faster. Caught up in a flurry of feverish passion, Dusty tossed aside the riding crop, bent over, and thrust two fingers of his gloved hand into his startled captive's asshole.

Tim tried to get away, but his thrashing about only made him choke and gag on the older youth's relentless, driving prick.



Dusty went from two to three, then finally four fingers were pushing and probing around in Tim's asshole. Finally, he took off the leather glove and thrust his entire hand back in the boy's shitter. Slowly at first, then rapidly, he rammed it all the way in past the wrist.

Tim squirmed, moaned, and protested with wild kicks of his legs. The studs on Dusty's leather G-string repeatedly slammed into his face, bruising his lips and nose. Never in all his life had he been subjected to such misery.

"You like it, slave?" asked Dusty, viciously grinding his knees into the sides of Tim's neck.

The older youth's cock slipped out of the teenager's mouth.

"No! Dammit, no!" Tim screamed.

"And I say yes!"

"Please, Dusty! Dammit!"

"You need a little rougher treatment, that's what you need. How about a little studded fuck, huh?"

Dusty jerked violently on the dog collar, almost choking the teenager.

Then he brought up his boot and placed it on the youth's frail shoulder.

"Lick the dirt off my boot, slave. Plenty of sheep shit on it. Clean it off real good with your tongue!"

Tim looked up at Dusty with imploring eyes, considered the boot, briefly licked his lips, but didn't obey.

"You hear me, you little bastard?"

Tim continued to stare blankly away.

Dusty's eyes narrowed. Impatient, he ground his heavy boot into Tim's chest, propelling the youth to the floor of the loft, then jumped astride his

nude body.

"Stubborn little asshole, aren't you? Just like a fucking mule if I ever saw one! Well, that's just fine, seeing mules are meant for riding. Take all kinds of abuse, too."

He tugged at the dog collar, puffing Tim's head up and away from the floor, stretching his neck to the limit.

"Stop! You're choking me!"

Dusty's free arm held the youth down flat as he guided his big cock, without a speck of lubricant, into Tim's sore hung.

"You like a good dry fuck, slave? How about those studs? You feel 'em on your ass yet?"

He started pounding his cock into Tim's dry asshole, fucking relentlessly, furiously, quivering all over with mad excitement.

"NO! NO!" Tim screamed in terror. The studs were slamming into his rump, leaving red marks wherever they hit; his asshole felt like it was an inferno of fire.

The teenager's cries only made Dusty more delirious with sexual excitement. "Teach you, you little bastard, not to lick my boots when I tell you." His breath came in short, labored gasps. "When we finish here, I'll show you how to fuck sheep, too, if they don't shit in your face first. Wowee! Slave, you ride better on a dry fuck than you do on a wet one! Take that cock, baby!"

Suddenly Dusty cuffed Tim with his open hand on the side of his face. His ear burned with pain. The older youth struck again! And again!

Tim could endure no more. His pain threshold had been reached and passed too many times to recount. Pleading, he had come to learn, was not only futile, it served to inflame his captor. Summoning every last ounce of his

strength, he suddenly heaved himself to one side, dislodged Dusty's cock, and groped for the nearby riding crop.

Reaching it and holding on for dear life, responding only to a blind, wild, inner anger, he struck. Repeatedly, viciously, he flailed at Dusty's head and back. Again and again the whip came down as the older youth buried his face in his arms and cowered.

Then Tim was on his feet, his entire body taut, his adrenaline pumping out of control. Not relenting, despite Dusty's cringing and whimpering, he struck again with the whip. With his free hand he quickly removed the restraining dog collar from around his neck. Then he aimed the riding crop lower, striking at Dusty's broad back. When he saw that the whip bounced easily off the cowhide motorcycle jacket, he quickly turned to the youth's bare butt and struck with renewed fury.

A sudden, frightening change came over Tim's former tormentor. Instead of fighting back, defending himself, and meeting the smaller youth's intense onslaught face to face, he screamed and cowered.

"Oh, God, no!" he shouted.

Hiding within himself, shrinking inside his heavy leather jacket and burying his face deeper and deeper into his hands, he started to cry --

softly at first, then in great gasping sobs. His head bobbed up and down, then all at once he dropped his hands and looked up at Tim. The teenager looked at Dusty's tormented, tear-stained face and held the whip in mid air, no longer able to bring it down.

"Don't stop!" Dusty gasped between sobs. "I'm sorry I hurt you! Go ahead, get your revenge. All you want. Hit me harder, please!"

Tim stood transfixed, his brain numb, at once confused and repelled by the crazy turn of events.

"Go ahead! Kick the shit out of me!" Dusty shouted.

His submissive eyes moved fleetingly from the riding crop still suspended over his head to Tim's set face, then back again.

"What are you waiting for?"

"This is crazy," Tim said, lowering the weapon.

"No! No, it's not! I love you, Tim. I know it. I knew it from the minute I picked you up back on the highway. I've never experienced anything so beautiful! You've got to understand, I didn't want to hurt you. It was just an act!"

Tim slowly shook his head and dropped his eyes. He wanted to walk away, but unfortunately, thanks to the studded cock ring around his privates, his prick was still pointing straight up. He glanced over at Dusty's meat. A curious contrast to the cowering spectacle he was making of himself -- his cock, too, was stiff as a board.

"It was only an act," the older youth pleaded, tears continuing to flow unchecked down his cheeks. "I know I need you. I'm in love with you. Hit me harder. Please, I want to be your slave!"

Tim frowned. He wanted desperately to put distance between himself and his misdirected, fucked-up companion, but he also felt a stronger urge --

an insistent, deep-rooted desire for revenge, to fuck the hell out of Dusty Shawn, to abuse him, humiliate him, exactly as his host has done to him.

The older youth's tears came in uncontrolled, gurgling sobs. Feeling no remorse or sympathy, Tim could only look on with contempt. A powerful, consuming urge suddenly gripped the teenager and he swung once more with the riding whip, letting it snap with all its stinging fury across Dusty's bare ass. Almost instantly a long red welt formed, matching the several already found criss-crossing his neck and hands. Then Tim dropped the crop, with one hand grabbing Dusty by the neck and with the other backhanding him repeatedly across the face.

"Stop your crying! Stop it, you silly bastard!" he shouted angrily.

"Please hit me and fuck me at the same time," his tormentor-turned-coward whispered, at last making an effort to stifle his sobbing.

Tim struck him again, harder, on the side of the face. "Shut your mouth!

Understand?"

Tim's brain was racked with confusion. Was he growing up, learning about human nature, honest emotion -- or was he, in fact, descending to the most fundamental depths of animal behavior, sick animals at that? He suspected he didn't have the capacity or experience to reason things out as properly should be done; in this situation, maybe it was all right to respond to his emotions. He would make it a gut reaction and see where that led him.

"Please. Do anything you want to me," Dusty repeated twice.

Tim's eyes roamed to the ranch youth's treasure of sex tools. Considering the closet full of equipment only briefly, he grabbed the black leather face hood and quickly, forcefully, pulled it over his whimpering companion's head. Now, at last, the nerve-racking sobs would be muffled.

Tim quickly secured the pointed, medieval-appearing mask around Dusty's neck with its leather drawstrings. The only opening in the hood was a tiny air slot under the nose, and there was something forbidden, dangerous about its appearance -- freaky and humiliating as it was for Dusty -- that turned Tim on even more. The teenager's eyes continued to explore the closet.

From inside the black hood, Dusty's muffled voice offered assistance.

"Use the thongs!" he mumbled. "Tie me to the wall and fuck me!"

Tim found the long strips of cowhide, shrugged, then dutifully followed his host's instructions. Dusty had blindly pointed to a side wall; on it were several iron retaining rings at head and ankle heights. The teenager wasted no time thrusting his sightless captive into position, then binding him, erect and spread-eagled, facing the wall. He carefully checked the thongs, tight and secure. No way his sex object could wiggle loose!

"When did you say your parents are coming home?" Tim asked brusquely, trying to sound not overly concerned.

"Tomorrow morning. Plenty of time. Don't sweat it," came the muffled, eager reply.

Tim was hot and sweating. Removing the leather vest Dusty had loaned him, he threw it into a corner and stood there nude, the studded ring around his genitals making his cock stick out like a cannon. He started to work up a mouthful of spit but swallowed it back, deciding that no way would he permit Dusty the pleasure of a lubricated screw. Sonofabitch! He'd return the ranch kid's earlier consideration with the driest Goddamn fuck possible! He reached inside Dusty's leather jacket and grabbed his nipples. He pinched hard, rolling and squeezing them between his strong fingers. His captive squirmed and Tim pinched harder. Dusty writhed against the wall, his muscles tensing and flexing.

Tim bit his lip. His boiling, seething urgency was almost out of control.

He knew full well that in his present state of excitement he would shoot off rapidly, too quickly, if he thrust his hot cock inside Dusty's asshole now. He had to delay the action, slow things down, just a little.

Searching in the closet he found a good-sized dildo, far fatter than his own prick, that had a wooden handle at one end. Grasping the hard rubber tool firmly in his right hand, he rammed it against Dusty's firm, muscular butt-hole. The make-believe cock's big head resisted and went no farther when it struck the youth's pinched-closed bung. Tim withdrew the dildo and thrust again, harder, pushing and twisting at the same time with all his strength.

"God almighty!" wailed Dusty inside the face hood. His body convulsed violently as the huge head of the dildo plunged suddenly past the outer rim of his asshole and up into his gut.

Tim worked the big tool all around, in and out and sideways; finding more pleasure in watching his helpless captive squirm than he imagined possible without his own cock between those ass-cheeks. Dusty tried to fight back against the dry, burning fuck, but Tim only fucked his shitter harder. While

the face hood heightened the excitement and added a new dimension to Tim's adventure, the youth wished he could see the expression on Dusty's face. Painful discomfort or abject misery, whatever the reaction, Tim wanted to see it all! It was his rightful turn to bear witness to a little cruelty and he was beginning to revel in it.

Tim Harding screwed his trussed-up captive for several minutes with the dildo before his arm tired. His throbbing stiff cock, he figured, had waited long enough.

Once again Dusty mumbled something from within the leather face hood. Tim couldn't understand what had been said and didn't care. The steel studs around the ring on his cock bit into him deeper and deeper the more his meat would swell. His pecker needed to peck. Now!

Grabbing his captive by the epaulets of his motorcycle jacket, the teenager came up behind the older youth's butt, and pressed his entire body against him. The ranch boy's asshole, stretched to the limit from the repeated thrusts of the monstrosity fat dildo, easily gave way to Tim's big cock. Tim flexed his thigh muscles, driving his slender hips farther into his captive's bruised and welted ass-cheeks. His throbbing, hot prick slipped all the way inside Dusty's shit-chute, right up to the studded hilt of the cock ring.

Tim was tired, beat to the core and sore all over, but still his horny cock was determined to get full measure. Harder and harder he pounded his prick into Dusty's asshole, jabbing at the walls of the young rancher's butt. His breath became more labored as his passion mounted; his balls bounced and danced as they slapped furiously into Dusty's rump. Faster and faster he fucked, his jabbing rougher and rougher. His knuckles were red from tugging at the biker's jacket, his only leverage; his eyes were thin, angry slits as they focused on the back of the leather head restrainer.

In a burst of energy and passion, Tim thrust his arms up under each of Dusty's shoulders, linked his hands, and almost lifting the heavier, more muscular youth off the floor, bound him tightly with a crushing half-nelson. Though the restraint was unnecessary since Dusty was spread-eagled and well-secured to the wall, the hammerlock hold did give Tim better leverage -- leverage to fuck deeper and faster than he had ever done before.

Slap, slap, slap, slap! The noise of Tim's hips smacking against Dusty's butt-cheeks was deafeningly loud. The pistonlike pounding intensified.

"OH, GOD, I'M COMING!" shouted Tim, caught up in his frenzy.

The cock ring was killing him, his balls burned like fire. His cock, too, was hot and red from chafing inside Dusty's dry, abused asshole.

"Mother-fuck! Ohhhh!"

Tim suddenly got his rocks off and his body convulsed; his wild whang spat repeatedly, jerking in little spasms inside his captive's asshole.

Again and again his cock sent a charge of hot, sticky cum into Dusty's fucked-raw asshole. Tim didn't waste a drop, keeping his meat inside the older youth's bung right through the last diminishing ejaculation.

Dusty squirmed and pushed his hips back against Tim, drawing in as far as he could the last thrusts of the teenager's shaft along with whatever trickle of jizz remained.

Tim backed slowly away, a little disappointed with himself for coming so quickly. He had wanted to screw Dusty dry for a long, long time, until his captive pleaded for him to stop, but it hadn't been in the cards. As usual, he had been too fucking horny! Now, as a puny afterthought, he gave his trussed-up companion a stinging blow across the rump with a studded belt he found on the floor of the closet. Dusty yelped as the stud marks formed on his ass.

Leaving his leather-clad captive hanging against the wall. Tim retreated to a pile of hay in the center of the loft and sat, shaking his head.

Very carefully he removed the double-studded cock ring from his reddened, spent cock and tossed it aside. His eyes returned to Dusty, still moaning and begging to be flogged. Tim bit his lip. His sex partner was suddenly no more than a grotesque, costume curiosity as he stood there, masked face against the wall. The muffled voice continued shouting. He was begging for



more! Tim sat motionless, his ears trying to make out the words but at the same time avoiding them.

"Don't stop!" Dusty shouted. "You haven't finished. Use the whip again, please!" His voice was shrieking now. "Tim! Tim! I really need you!"

Tim Harding swallowed several times, brushing the hair out of his eyes, and clambered to his feet. He looked with contempt at the riding crop for several seconds, picked it up, and slowly turned it over in his hands.

Then, his face totally vacant, he draped it loosely around his companion's neck and slowly backed away. He kept backing up, short steps at a time, until his bare feet trampled against his crumpled jeans.

Letting out a long breath of air, he shook his head and bent over to pull up his pants.

"I'm sorry, Dusty. Sorry," he said scornfully. "You don't love anybody.

You're a two-faced bastard and I pity you."

He finished buttoning his jeans, then turned and shuffled through the hay to the ladder. Ignoring the muffled shouts and cursing behind him, he skipped every other rung, round the ground, and made a dash for the barn door. He slammed it shut behind him, closing the sordid sounds from within out of his mind. Inhaling vigorously, he leaned against the barn, luxuriating in the clean-smelling desert air.

An instant later Tim turned the ignition key and Dusty's jeep obediently roared to life. Giving the old barn a final, mocking salute, he swung the wheel and tromped on the accelerator. Spitting gravel, the vehicle lurched down the rutted road they had come up earlier.

Damn! he thought, cursing repeatedly to himself. Beyond his heavier concerns, he was hungry! He had gotten to know everything else about the ranch youth but his Goddamn refrigerator. His stomach was grumbling, but it would have to wait. He wanted out of here, now.

## CHAPTER SIX

It was after one o'clock in the afternoon, and Tim was worried. Almost a dozen cars had passed without giving him a second look; or if they had, none of them seemed prepared to throw caution to the wind and stop. He still had a long way to go to reach Copper Mountain and he knew hitching a ride on a sparsely traveled highway mid-week was difficult enough in daylight -- at night, probably impossible, and at best, dangerous. The weather, too, despite the sun, was beginning to cool. A brisk wind had come up, blustering down from the mountains to the Northwest. His shoulders trembled.

A large diesel tractor towing a long tanker slowed as it approached. The freshly washed and waxed truck was painted bright blue, loaded with shining chrome accessories and sported a CB radio antenna from the top of its cab. The vehicle obviously belonged to an owner-operator who took a very special, personal pride in his rig.

Tim offered the driver his best innocent-youth look -- a kind of lost and helpless expression -- jerking his thumb repeatedly, as if the big truck was his final and only hope for rescue. The rig's driver shifted down and air-braked to a halt in the apron gravel several yards beyond where Tim had been standing. Lost in a cloud of dust, the teenager coughed to clear his lungs, picked up his bag, and raced up to the side of the cab.

Climbing up, he thrust open the door.

"Going far?" he asked anxiously.

The driver was a burly man in his forties with reddish-brown crewcut hair, bushy eyebrows, and a round, plump face. His eyes were cautious, but friendly enough. He had a pencil over one ear and wore a red plaid lumber jacket shirt that hid several rolls of beer belly where his waist should have been. He started to say something, but the loud, metallic chatter of the CB radio drowned him out.

He grinned like a wide-eyed teddy bear and turned off the set.

"Another three hundred miles up 'fore I turn her in at midnight," he shouted. "Don't usually pick up riders, kid, but hate to see you stranded out here. Hop in!"

Tim eagerly jumped into the spacious cab and tossed his duffel in the back. "Thanks, mister!" he shouted above the purr of the big diesel.

The driver only briefly looked him up and down, then turned his attention to the side mirror and the road ahead. He put the truck through several gears and had it settled down to cruising speed before he spoke again.

"That your jeep stranded back there?" he asked.

"Nope," Tim said without hesitation. "Belongs to a friend." He didn't elaborate.

"How far you headed?"

"Going to Copper Mountain. If it's okay with you, I'll hope out at the Highway 110 intersection. It's just fifteen miles up the hill from there."

The driver grinned. "Hell, I can do better than that. There's a truck stop eighty miles ahead where some buddies go through on their way up to the resort cities. Copper Mountain's on their route. We make a good connection at Trudy's Truck Stop and you got a lift all the way. Copper Mountain your home?"

"Nope." Tim paused, gathering up his thoughts. "Uh... guess I'm just going up to visit the old lady."

The truck driver nodded, then adroitly changed the subject. The teenager's manner and responses had a familiar ring to them. Many of his fellow truckers had offspring of their own that were in trouble. This kid sounded like a delinquent runaway, and he already had a sore ear listening to winged birds and their distraught parents.

"My name's Amos," he said, flatly, extending a hand the size of a baseball mitt.

Tim grasped what he could of the big paw, amazed at its size and strength. "I'm Tim Harding," he said politely.

"You're a little worse for wear, Tim." The burly driver's eyes had focused on his messed-up hair, the bruised and soiled face.

Tim bit his lip. No wonder so many cars had passed him by! He felt a strong urge to blurt out that it was his asshole that was the worse for wear, but he suspected a comment like that would come on like a bomb. He shifted uncomfortably in his seat and swiftly changed the subject.

"What kind of load you carryin' out back?" he asked, jerking a thumb over his shoulder.

"Kerosene. More than a dozen of us could use in a lifetime."

Tim nodded, settled his sore ass back in the cab's padded seat as best he could, and stared pensively out the window. He was bushed and not really in the mood for conversation, especially small talk. And this friendly but oafish Amos, from all appearances, was set to badger him the entire trip with just that -- bullshit conversation. His eyebrows knit into a furrowed frown as he sighed and closed his eyes.

"You got troubles somewhere you're tryin' to forget?" asked Amos quietly, his big hands tightening and unflexing on the wheel.

"Yeah. A few."

Amos may not have cared for winged birds, but his curiosity got the better of him. The truck driver smiled thinly and cuffed Tim playfully on his shoulder. "C'mon, kid, get off it. Don't do much good layin' back stewing over them. Want to talk about it? Old Amos here has a big shoulder."

Tim beamed mischievously. He wanted to add that the dude beside him probably had one helluva big dick, too, but he thought better of it.

"Nothing I can't handle," the youth finally said, chuckling to himself at the double significance of his response.

"Suit yourself, Tim. I'm not one to pry."

The teenager briefly considered the big man next to him. Amos looked like he'd been through some heavy weather in his lifetime, with maybe two and a half times as many years behind him as he had. Pursing his lips, he finally blurted out what was on his mind.

"Well, hell, maybe I should ask you. Been around a lot, haven't you? I mean this truck and all -- out-of-town layovers just about everywhere, I bet."

Amos shrugged and nodded, his eyes twinkling with almost childlike delight.

Tim continued his line of inquiry. "And maybe you meet all kinds?"

"Hell, yes. I can tell you about a lady wrestler down in Dallas that..."

Amos caught himself, suddenly remembering the stage belonged to the youngster beside him. "What's on your mind, kid?" he asked, gesturing with his big hand for the youth to continue.

"Got a cigarette?" Tim asked boldly.

Amos grimaced and pursed his lip. "Wowee. You deaf or something? Didn't I tell you we're sitting on a Goddamn reservoir of kerosene? Jesus!"

Tim smiled. "Yeah. I forgot. Anyway, you know anything about sadists?"

There was no use, he figured, in beating around the bush.

The truck driver nervously pursed his lips again, this time letting out a short whistle. Wiping his brow, he glanced curiously at Tim, then back to the road.

"What kind of sadists?" he grunted awkwardly.

"You know. In sex! Some get it off sadistically, others are what the fuck you call them -- masochists. What I want to..."

"Look, Tim. How old are you anyway?"

"Does it make a big friggin' difference?"

"To me, yes." He whistled again. "Christ, get your old man to fill you in on the details. Hell, don't they have one of those sex-education classes in your school?" He paused, hunching his big shoulders. "That's right, you probably dropped out of school. What the hell you doing to me? I'm a truck driver, not a teacher."

Several minutes later, still getting nothing from the uncooperative driver beside him, Tim fell fast asleep. He didn't wake up until an hour and a half later when Amos pulled his rig off the highway into Trudy's Truck Stop.

Even as he groggily climbed out of the rig, Tim felt horny. He was hardly eager to get fucked, but he did have an inner desire to at least jack off. And by all means, not in the company of the helpful but oafish truck driver beside him.

"Hungry?" Amos asked jovially. "You slept like a hibernatin' bear back there."

"Yeah, I guess I am. Gotta take a leak first."

"What'll you have? I'll go on in and order."

Tim wondered who was buying. Deciding not to chance an embarrassing scene, he replied, "Hamburger and a Coke."

Amos made no effort to upgrade the selection. He pointed to a long outbuilding on the far side of the diesel pumps. "Can's over there. I'll meet you inside the diner, okay?"

The two parted. Tim was fascinated by the spur of activity surrounding Trudy's. At least a dozen or more rigs of various types were parked in the large lot. Near the pump ramp, attendants and drivers alike strolled back

and forth between trucks and the service facilities, taking on fuel, checking water, oil, and brakes, heeding nature's call, and just plain bullshitting.

Despite the modern appearance of the truck-stop facility from the outside, the toilet, to Tim's dismay, was run-down and crawling with debris. The walls, covered with graffiti, were sorely in need of paint and the filthy tile floor was littered with soiled paper towels. As Tim entered, a trucker had just finished taking a leak. The man shook off his soft cock, re-buttoned his pants and shuffled out of the dimly lit room, glancing only briefly at the teenager as he passed.

Tim noted that two of the half-dozen toilet cubicles were occupied with one empty stall between the two closed doors. Ignoring the urinal, he quickly headed for the privacy of the stall, unbuttoned his pants, and pulled out his prick. His bladder was full and he ached to piss, but something caught his eye and his muscles froze. On one side of the stall, next to the toilet-paper dispenser, was a crudely carved hole the size of a grapefruit and from beyond it peered two very intense, inquisitive eyes.

The other side of the toilet cubicle had a glory hole, too, but it was much smaller, little bigger than a golf ball. He was surrounded by voyeurs.

Tim's heart began to beat rapidly. The scribbling on the toilet walls appealed to his baser instincts; the invitations, odes, appointments, and boastful bragging were everywhere! Tim wanted to take the time to read more of the graffiti, but the silent eyes at the glory holes made him nervous. He was about to shove his cock back into his pants and headed for the urinal outside when he heard a voice beckon to him in a low, guttural whisper.

"C'mon, kid. Don't waste good piss. Stick that pretty cock through here."

Tim gaped at the big round hole, his eyes wide and expectant. A shiver of fear pierced him and he felt mildly excited by the challenge. He had no idea what the individual looked like on the other side of the partition, but it didn't seem to matter. All he could see was a pair of faded corduroy pants with a brown cowhide belt and steer's head buckle crumpled around a pair of scuffed boots. And no way was he about to bend over and probe through

the hole himself, catching the toilet freak eyeball to eyeball. He wanted to get out of there, but at the same time the coarse, determined voice and the mood of the moment electrified and challenged him.

"C'mon, c'mon. I haven't got all night. Lemme have your cock!" the voice came again, louder.

Tim's flesh trembled with excitement. If he didn't piss before he wound up with a roaring hard-on, getting rid of it would be more difficult.

Shivering, anticipating the dangerous, the unknown, he suddenly leaned against the toilet partition and pushed his cock and balls through the hole to the other side.

Immediately, the unseen hot tongue darted and teased around the base of his genitals, explored his pubic hairs with total abandon, then licked back and forth on the shaft of his meat.

Tim winced with distaste, suddenly remembering his cock had not been washed since ruthlessly dry-fucking the hell out of Dusty Shawn's asshole. He shrugged, quickly deciding not to worry about it. The feverish, consuming mouth on the other side of the toilet partition didn't seem to be bothered by a dirty prick; if anything, the stranger was devouring his cock with increasing relish and delight. Tim felt the mouth swallow up his meat; all the way to the back of the throat. His cock was half-hard and stiffening by the second. It was now or never!

Concentrating on his aching bladder for several seconds, he finally let go with a steady stream of warm, sharp urine. Tim grimaced, but was without real concern or embarrassment. He could feel the bobbing head beyond the wall flinch slightly as the acrid fluid shot into his mouth.

Then the unknown face nuzzled his nose against Tim's crop of pubic hair, tightened his lips around the base of the teenager's cock and drank the ripe piss down, gulping quickly and luxuriating in the pleasure.

By the time the youth had discharged all of his urine, his prick was stiletto-stiff. The stranger's mouth savored every last drop of the piss, then started



to work, with long stroking motions of lips and tongue, on the head and shaft of his cock.

Tim groaned in ecstasy as the stranger's hot, saliva-filled mouth relentlessly inched its way back and forth along his shaft. He had just closed his eyes, untightened his body, and settled back for a good head-job when he heard a shuffling noise in the cubicle on the opposite side of him. He swiveled his head and looked down. There, tightly crammed through the hole in the partition, was the biggest prick he had ever seen in his life! It appeared, in fact, with its angry, pulsating red crown, too big and fat, while still stiff, to be withdrawn through the hole in the wall! Tim couldn't take his eyes off it, nor could he resist rubbing the back of his hand against it, pushing slightly downward. Wham!

Instantly it sprang threateningly back up, rigidly pointing at him at a 45-degree angle. The long, fat cock was shiny, covered all over with a heavy lubricant Tim guessed was Vaseline.

The teenager's small body trembled all over with little spasms of pleasure. Despite his sore, abused asshole, his simmering sex-juices had started to boil and he was as horny as a toad. He'd never sucked or fucked through a wall before, and the desire to do both suddenly flooded his mind. The challenge consumed him. But how could he get off on both trips? At the same time? Could his already sore shitter possibly handle the delicious, wild-looking cock behind him? Would the monster cock fit?

An irresistible challenge, an urge to immediately find out shot through his confused brain.

Shaking the hair out of his face, Tim abruptly pulled his cock away from the hole in the wall and the stranger's mouth. Then he unbuttoned the top of his jeans and let the denims fall, baring his ass. Already two distressed eyes were at the larger hole, bewildered by the teenager's actions, wondering what he was up to now. The hopeful, hungry eyes had not considered, nor had they seen the other side of the toilet cubicle, for the huge cock was hidden by Tim's body.

But it was there. Immense, unbelievable, almost grotesque in its size, it wavered, threatened, and beckoned eagerly to the teenager's pretty ass.

And Tim wanted it -- or at least the challenge of trying to take it. The idea had completely fired his balls. Surely, never again in his lifetime would he come across a hunk of meat this large; it had to be a freak of nature!

Ignoring the inquisitive eyes from the cubicle to his right, he slowly started to back up against the big, glistening cock. But then he hesitated. There were voices outside at the urinal. The conversation was so loud and boisterous it blotted out the stealthy sounds in the toilet cubicles. Whoever the individuals, Tim heard them piss noisily, brashly exchange a couple of unfunny Polish jokes, then depart. The john was quiet again.

Tim's eyes once more took in the fat, well-lubricated prick protruding through the hole and watched it throb in quick little spasms as it waited impatiently for his asshole. Letting out a long, whistling breath through his teeth, he backed into the monster shaft. Getting the big weapon up his asshole, he knew, was entirely up to him. His would-be fucker was helpless, unable to use his hips to thrust, for his thick meat was wedged too tightly at its base by the confining hole in the wall. If Tim wanted to be fucked by the super prick, he would have to ride it. So ride it he would!

Tim's rump slowly slipped over the exciting big crown of the cock, his ass-cheeks flexing together, feeling, testing its immensity. Carefully he wiggled his sore butt around, trying to set the big oval head of the invading weapon directly in line with his sphincter. When he had the angry knob squarely over his asshole, he pinched his cheeks together to hold it in place and leaned slowly backward. He pushed, but nothing happened.

Too big! It was too mother-fucking big!

He pushed back with all his strength and felt his shitter give, ever so slightly. Relax, he told himself, trying to summon his courage above the stabbing pain. He could feel the head of the big cock stiffen even more as it felt the resistance of the outer rim of his asshole. Inhaling deeply and biting his lip, stubbornly determined, he rammed his hips towards the wall with all his strength. His eyes smarted and a tear rolled freely down his cheek, but

he was determined, hotter than fire, and positive there was no human prick existing he couldn't handle if he set his mind to it.

The stubbornness, foolhardy or otherwise, suddenly paid off.

Abruptly, with a terrible burning sensation, the huge head of the cock plunged past the outer rim of the teenager's asshole, stretching his sphincter to its absolute limit. Tim winced and pushed his ass back farther, the lubricated crown and shaft slipped deep inside his gut, and his entire lower body felt like a vise. The cock was too big; he couldn't take an inch more, one way or the other -- not sideways, not straight in, not up or down. He wanted to shout for the unbearable discomfort, but he quickly remembered where he was.

Gradually, the shaft's thick coat of Vaseline eased his misery; he could gradually work his butt slowly back and forth over the massive prick. It wasn't a fast, furious fuck by any means, but it was a powerful, memorable one! In and out, excruciatingly slow, went the huge prick as Tim sat up and down, back and forth with easy, rolling movements of his hips. Despite the pain, he reveled in the deep; penetrating pleasure, and was surprised he could handle as much of the stranger's meat as he was.

Impatient -- the challenge of getting the huge cock up his ass over --

all Tim wanted now was for the big mother to explode its load of cum up inside him. The sooner the better. He wasn't disappointed. Suddenly the big cock shuddered, causing Tim's body to jerk and tremble right along with it. Then splash! A massive discharge gushed way up into him, bathing his gut with warm, sticky cum. Tim trembled all over with pleasure as the big cock twitched again and again, firing charge after charge of creamy jizz into his ass.

Looking down at the hole in front of him, Tim saw the curious, watchful eyes had been replaced by a fair-sized cock. The man who had been sucking his prick earlier was now jacking off through the big glory hole, his whang pointed in Tim's direction. The teenager grabbed his own meat and started beating it as fast as he could, hoping for a three-way orgasm.

Without removing his sore but excited asshole from the still-discharging cock behind him, Tim bent over. He quickly mouthed the cock protruding from the hole, feeling its big vein twitch and tremor. It was ready to come! The first splash of warm fuck-cream hit him in the back of the throat and he gulped quickly. At the same time the jizz started pumping out of his own prick, squirting across the cubicle and running over his fingers onto the floor. Three people moaned deliriously with pleasure.

Tim closed his eyes and shook all over. Savoring the excitement, he milked his own meat, gulped the cum from the pumping cock in front of him, and pushed back with his hips, drawing out the last oozing jizz from his ride on the big prick up his asshole. Three orgasms within seconds of each other! Almost too much, but he dug every last second of it.

Tim finally backed away from the meat in front of him, jizz still oozing from the corners of his mouth. Then he slowly, carefully pulled his tired asshole off the big prick behind him. Exhausted, his energies spent, he sat down on the toilet stool and wiped off his face and cock on the paper roll. Hot and perspiring, his mind blurry, he sat for several seconds regaining his strength.

The glory holes on each side of Tim, their missions fulfilled, were suddenly empty; he heard the compartment doors on each side of him open and close, a few hurried footsteps, then nothingness. He flushed the toilet to shatter the lonely, frightening silence.

Tim's thoughts were fragmented and more muddled than ever. The graffiti and dirty toilet had suddenly become contemptible to him. Gathering up his jeans, he soberly re-buttoned his fly and withdrew from the closeness of the toilet stall. He took a long time to wash and rinse his hands in the sink, as if he were purging himself of some terrible guilt. Finally he pulled his thoughts together, blindly turned off the water, and grabbed a paper towel. The hell with it, he thought. Why the sudden panic? It had been fun and nobody got hurt. More than anyone could say about his old man and that sick basement dungeon!

Tim's hamburger was already on the counter and growing cold when the youth finally pulled up a stool.

"Want it warmed up?" asked the waitress, a coffee pot hanging limply from one wrist.

"The coffee or the hamburger?" retorted Amos. The trucker spooned in a mouthful of chili, swallowed it down, then chased it with a swig of coffee before turning to the teenager. "Where the hell you been? Fall in the Goddamn can?"

Tim shrugged. "Constipated, I guess."

Amos shook his head, dismissed the waitress with a wag of his big hand, and returned to polishing of his chili. Tim wasted no time wolfing down the hamburger. He sipped his Coke, all the while his watchful eyes roamed around the diner, considering the other truckers. Were his mysterious sex partners from the toilet in the room? What did they look like? He was the only teenage male in the room; whoever his partners were, they would have no difficulty recognizing him!

Amos looked down at Tim's empty plate. "Hell, you ain't had enough to feed a bird. How about a bowl of chili? Hot stuff here."

Tim smiled but shook his head. "No thanks, it makes me fart."

Amos squared his big shoulders. "You want another burger?"

Tim stared vacantly at his plate without answering.

"Go ahead, for Chrissakes. I'm buying."

"Okay. Make it to go. I'll eat it in the truck."

"Another hamburger. To go," Amos snapped as the waitress passed. Then he swiveled on his stool. "That's right. We gotta find you a fig -- one bound for Copper Mountain." His eyes darted quickly around the room, settling on a tall, dark-haired young man drinking coffee by himself at a far table. "Hey, Johnny!" he shouted.

The younger truck driver lifted his brooding eyes from the black coffee before him, recognized Amos; and gave a short wave of his hand.

Amos gestured with his big index finger. "C'mere. I need a little favor."

The tall man swaggered across the room and stood towering behind Tim.

"Where you been, Amos? Tried to reach you on the CB last hour and a half."

"Shut down so my rider here could grab some shut-eye. You still jockeying that bread wagon on up to the mountain resorts?"

The trucker nodded. "Yep. Not that I couldn't use a change. No flammable shit like you haul, though."

Amos cuffed Tim easily on the shoulder. "Johnny, this is a new friend of mine. Picked him up out in the middle of nowhere on Route 14. His name's Tim. Damned if I haven't forgot the last name."

"Harding," Tim injected, turning to look up at the taller man.

"I'm Johnny Bertoni, Tim. Please to meetcha." The trucker's outstretched hand was almost as big as Amos' paw.

Tim wondered if big hands went with the profession. He couldn't help but stare at the handsome new corner, finding him sexier than hell with his dark hair and glittering brown eyes.

Amos broke the awkward silence. "Tim here needs a lift up to Copper Mountain. Getting dark out there and I figured it might be a little rough him getting a lift up through the hills. You mind taking on a rider?"

Johnny Bertoni beamed. His teeth were pearly white and perfectly straight. The smile warmed Tim.

"Sure, Amos," he said. "Glad to." He nudged his trucker friend's shoulder and stared fixedly down at the teenager. "Your ears must be pretty sore by now, Tim, listening to this old codger." He turned to Amos. "Not that you got a windy mouth or anything like that, old buddy..."

"Like he said, I slept most of the way," said Tim, grinning.

"Well, partner, I hope you're all slept out, 'cause if I take you along, I could use a little company. Okay?"

Tim nodded vigorously. He liked Johnny's rich baritone voice.

Amos laughed and gave the teenager a little jab in the ribs with his elbow. "I may be windy and a slow talker, but watch Johnny here. He's fast."

Tim Harding's breath caught in his throat and he couldn't respond. The tall truck driver's eyes were bearing down on him, rattling his nerves.

He looked away towards the waitress, relieved that she was headed their way with the check and a bagged burger.

Amos quickly paid the tab and the three of them shuffled silently out of the diner.

"Hell, Amos, every time I see your truck you've added some new piece of chrome. All that glitter must be setting you back a penny."

The burly man shrugged. "Man can't make money fucking around with bread, Johnny. High octane and high profits go together."

When they reached the tanker rig, Amos climbed up and tossed down Tim's duffel. "So long, Tim. And take my word for it -- about that advice you want -- ask your old man when you get home, okay?"

"Sure," Tim replied, feigning indifference. "If I ever go back there.

Thanks for the ride, Amos!"

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Johnny Bertoni proved to be an affable kind of guy, thought Tim, but there was something beyond his easy-going manner that mildly puzzled the youth. There was an awareness, a knowing gleam in his eyes that bore some as-yet-undeciphered message for him.

The inside of the truck cab was every bit as roomy as Amos' vehicle, but Johnny's rig had a comfortable berth behind the driver's seat. The bunk, hidden by a light proof canvas, was used for naps at rest stops or for a relief man on long-distance hauls. As beat as Tim was, he eyed the canvas curtain to the bunk enviously, anticipating kicking back a little. But remembering Johnny's earlier mention that he wanted company -- the talkative kind -- Tim decided to stay as alert as he could.

It was pitch dark outside now and the air had chilled considerably, but inside the truck cab it was cozy and warm. After a long half-hour of small talk, mostly about the weather and ski conditions up at Copper Mountain, Johnny switched on the CB radio. The driver carried on a few brief conversations with other rigs up and down the highway, obviously friends he knew, then he just settled back and listened for a while. Some of the banter made no sense to Tim at all, and whenever his brows knit in a perplexed frown, Johnny would promptly explain the meanings of different terms.

The road bore more traffic as they neared the resort area. Seeing that his rider guest was bored with the incessant chatter of the CB, Johnny turned it off and turned in a rock station from San Francisco. Reception in the mountains was poor and the transmission faded off repeatedly.

"Gets a little lonely sometimes, up here in the middle of nowhere,"

Johnny lamented.

"Yeah, I suppose so," agreed Tim. "Don't know if I could handle a job like yours or not," he added, wondering if he had been impolite.



"Ever been to any other truck stops?"

Tim looked over to the driver, puzzled. "Like Trudy's? Nope. Can't say that I have. Why?"

"Just wondering." Johnny had mumbled the words, barely loud enough for Tim to hear.

"What?" the teenager asked.

"Thinking out loud, that's all!" he shouted.

Thinking about what? Tim wanted to ask, but he bit back his curiosity.

The dark-haired, handsome Italian next to him was playing games, but he was good at that too.

"How old are you, Tim?"

Again, the same old question was bugging him. Why the fuck was everyone so interested in his age? He avoided looking Johnny in the eyes as he answered coldly.

"Eighteen. But I've been around. And I know how to drive a car."

Johnny chuckled. "Yeah. I guess you have been around, all things considered."

Tim fidgeted and squirmed. "I'll be eighteen next month," he added flatly. Suddenly aware that the young man behind the wheel was staring at him, he turned his eyes and studied the sexy Latin face.

"How's your ass?" Johnny abruptly blurted out, his eyes glittering like little hot coals.

"What the fuck you talking about?" Tim asked, trying his best to appear nonplussed, but his brain began whirring, like the fruit on a one-armed bandit. It all came together very quickly and he knew he had lost.

Johnny Bertoni tromped his foot down twice on the lights, reminding an oncoming car to douse its high beams. The headlights caught the good looking truck driver square in the face, illuminating his twinkling, intent eyes and a knowing smile. Two clefts showed at the sides of his smug mouth.

"Might as well confess, Tim," he said, shoving the truck into a lower gear to make the increasing grade, "most beautiful, trim little ass I've ever had in a long time." His voice gradually increased in volume, competing with the roar of the big diesel. "Didn't see much of it for long, though -- not through that damned small gory hole."

Tim stared hard at Johnny's smug profile, then abruptly turned his head away. He could feel his face turning crimson with embarrassment, but at the same time, a strange, familiar warmth spread through his groin.

Shrinking back into the truck cab's padded leather seat, he felt helpless, almost defeated.

"What's the matter?" asked Johnny, still beaming with self-satisfaction.

"Nothing to get red-faced about. Hell, I been playing around in tea rooms ever since high school. No big thing, kid." He let a reassuring hand fall on the youth's knee and left it there.

Tim's first instinct was to pull away, to voice some small protest, but his muscles wouldn't move. Maybe they didn't want to move! Making the best of the moment, he decided to laugh and see where that took him.

Johnny beamed, then began chuckling himself.

Finally Tim said. "Sure was funny your prick getting so fucking big you couldn't get it back out of the hole. Jesus! How did you know I wouldn't have bit the mother-sucker right off?"

Johnny shrugged. His hand squeezed tightly around Tim's knee, then dutifully returned to the wheel. "You would have choked to death first!"

he shouted. "Besides, you looked innocent enough to me. You still do!"

"Yeah. Shit! That's what I'm always being told. Your friend Amos thinks I'm too young to understand certain things -- that I should just go ahead and accept 'em." His asshole was sorer than ever. Turning sideways and facing the driver, he propped one leg up on the seat. "You know, like why some dudes really get it off kicking the shit out of a person -- I mean, that's their big sex trip."

Johnny nodded his head, indicating for Tim to go on with his story.

"Well, maybe I need a little more experience in this shit, but I don't understand why affection isn't..."

"Oh, bullshit, kid!"

It was a new voice that broke in, startling Tim and causing him to jerk his head up and sideways. There, over his shoulder, poking a sleepy head through the canvas curtain of the rest bunk, was a swarthy, thin-faced young man in his late twenties. He had a pale, pock-marked complexion, dirty blond hair, and dull, mouse-gray eyes that quickly took Tim in, then darted over to the driver.

"You pick this one up at Trudy's, partner, or you been hiding him in back with the fucking bread?"

"Screw yourself, Kenny. Go back to sleep." Johnny Bertoni's eyes did not look up from the road.

There was a long, stupefied silence.

Tim stared back at the newcomer, a little frightened but more confused.

"You the relief driver?" he asked nervously.

"You guessed it, kid. The name's Ken. Kenny Henderson." He pointed an accusing thumb at Johnny. "My better half. Excuse me, I should say, my partner."

Tim looked up at the newcomer, eyes big and expectant. "You both own the rig?" he asked.

"Yep," Kenny replied. "Among other things." He looked for Johnny's cold, expressionless face in the rear-view mirror, found it, and winked. The driver did not respond. "Johnny get in your butt yet, kid?"

"His name is Tim," Johnny snapped, finally managing a charitable smile.

Ignoring his friend in back, he gently nudged the teenager on the thigh.

"Don't let Kenny get to you, Tim. He's pretty good at fucking things up with his big mouth. After a few years I've gotten so I just overlook his little Goddamn games."

Tim nodded, the comprehension quickly settling in. "You got some kind of understanding?"

Kenny coughed and started to chortle. "With a hunk of meat like Johnny has; that's the mild understatement of the year!"

Any doubts Tim Harding may have harbored about the relationship of the two men next to him he could now toss aside. Obviously, there was a tie of some kind here, but the less he knew about it, the better off he would feel. Johnny's partner, business and otherwise, not only physically repulsed Tim, but he found Kenny's manners disgusting. Somehow, it didn't fit, an odd mismatch; but who was he to criticize bizarre relationships?

He'd only too recently escaped being a part of one!

"What's the matter, Tim? Suddenly you aren't too talkative." The friendly but intense voice belonged to Johnny Bertoni.

Tim said nothing. The truck's headlight beams picked out a route marker beside the highway. Tim read the sign and breathed a quick sigh of relief; it read Copper Mountain -- 3 Miles. But his friends, too, had seen the signpost.

Ken subtly tapped Johnny on the shoulder and nodded. The gesture had not gone unnoticed by Tim.

"So what's happening up at Copper? You going skiing mid-week? What happened to school?" Ken fired the questions in rapid succession.

Tim suddenly remembered that he hadn't told the newcomer where he was headed. Obviously, Johnny's driving partner had not been sleeping, but awake for some time, deliberately keeping his silence and listening.

"Yeah. Going skiing," Tim finally said, unenthusiastically. He didn't feel like answering, let alone sharing the truth with this obnoxious inquisitor.

Johnny checked his watch under the dash map light then began braking the truck and slowing down. His eyes searched the side of the road for a place to pull over.

The driver's actions brought a puzzled frown to Tim's face. His spirits sagged. In the homestretch and they were stopping! What for? Why out here?

There was a slight glint in Johnny's handsome brown eyes as he asked,

"Mind if we hold up and rest a minute, buddy?"

The teenager struggled but said nothing.

The truck's diesel engine had no sooner died than Johnny's big hand was back on Tim's knee. It had felt good there before, warm and exciting; but now, with the good-looking driver's lover looking on, the gesture annoyed him. Johnny's hand tightened around his leg. Above and behind Tim, Ken Henderson looked on, smug and complacent. What did they want? A three-way? Or was one of the partners going to play the role of the voyeur? Tim liked Johnny's sexy manner, there was no getting around that. But his friend -- that was a different matter. His balls felt numb and totally uninspired. Maybe they were just exhausted from the day's workout --

whatever, he was turned off.

"Relax, kid." Sensing Tim's apprehension and distress, the truck's handsome driver slid his hand from the teenager's knee farther up the thigh, letting it come to rest just below his cock and balls.

Tentatively, slowly, the long exploring fingers started to fondle his crotch. Tim squirmed uncomfortably and edged back in his seat; the determined hand moved right along with him. Then Johnny's big fingers tightened around his balls and squeezed. The easygoing smile on the trucker's face was gone, replaced by a hard, determined look.

Tim started to push the big hand away, but Johnny slowly shook his head sideways and grabbed his balls tighter in a pincer-like grip. The youth winced and stared at the man beside him with a surprised look. Johnny's initial playfulness had completely disappeared; his eyes bore in on him coldly. The teenager turned to Ken Henderson above him. He, too, had an unfriendly message for him; there was an almost feline look about Johnny's partner -- a look of patient determination. What kind of cat and mouse game were they playing with him?

"I guess I'm not very horny," Tim said coolly.

"We can fix that easy enough," purred the young relief driver. "No problem at all."

Tim swallowed hard and knit his eyebrows. He was more than a little afraid but determined not to show it. "I mean, it's not a matter of attitude. Jesus! It's just that my cock and ass are sore as hell, that's all."

"Pity." Ken reached down from his bunk and grabbed Tim by the shoulders.

He started to knead the youth's back and neck, but there was something sinister about the way the massage was going that gave Tim a chill. The hands dug into his breastbone, his neck, and his shoulders with deliberate force, almost pushing him through the cushion of his seat. The rubbing hurt. Johnny, too, had been working over Tim's crotch with equal vigor, squeezing on his balls, releasing them, then roughly grabbing his cock and doing the same.

"Pump up, dammit," Johnny cursed.

Feeling no response from Tim's stubborn, soft cock, he took both of his big hands and grabbed the bulge in the youth's denims, then closed his strong fingers, squeezing with all his strength.

"JESUS CHRIST!" Tim screamed, lunging down hard on Johnny's forearm with both of his fists. "Leggo my balls, dammit! You're killing me! Oh, Jesus!"

His hands struck repeatedly, furiously, but the determined truck driver completely ignored his pleas. Only when it finally pleased him to do so did he relent and let up on the viselike grasp he had on the teenager's cock and balls. Even then he grinned menacingly as he released the pressure with deliberate slowness.

There were tears in the corner of Tim's eyes as he spoke: "What the fuck you guys want, anyway? I told you I'm not interested in getting off!"

Lemme alone, dammit!" He shook his head, tossing his long hair back out of his eyes. "Besides, maybe I don't go for three-ways!"

Tim glanced hesitantly over his shoulder. The words had been meant for Ken Henderson, but the man behind him had ignored them, continuing his relentless massaging of his shoulders. Tim abruptly squirmed out of his grip.

"What's with you mother-fuckers? Don't you get the picture?"

"Maybe you don't get the picture, Tim." The voice of authority belonged to Johnny. He turned to his friend. "Little bastard really got off on a three-way back at the truck stop. Among other things, I'd say the kid's a liar."

Ken nodded. "Yeah. Tries to come off like an innocent babe turned out in the cold! We've played around with all kinds like that before, haven't we, Johnny?"

"Right on. Problem is, never know how far you can go with most of them.

But I'd say Tim here likes to be abused and kicked around a little bit.

Least back in that toilet he sure needed my cock."

Tim's face reddened. He slipped farther away from Johnny, momentarily escaping from his relentless, groping paw. "Look," he said, his anger measured, "you guys want to sit here awhile and get off, fine by me. I'll catch another ride, okay?"

Ken pushed the canvas curtain to the rest bunk all the way back. For the first time Tim saw that the relief driver had his pants pulled off and had a roaring hard-on. Half climbing out of the berth, Ken placed one hairy leg between Tim and the door, propping a foot on the plunger lock.

"You aren't going nowhere. Not until we say so. Get it?" he threatened.

Tim gazed fearfully at the ugly, half nude young man behind him, then over to Johnny.

The driver was busy unbuttoning his fly and didn't look up. Struggling with the monster prick caught down one leg of his pants, he squirmed repeatedly, lifted up off his seat, then finally had the big prick out in the open. It grew quickly in throbbing spasms and was soon every bit as large and mean-looking as it had appeared in the toilet compartment. But now it was free and uninhibited, not trapped by the tight, confining glory hole, ready and able to render whatever havoc its apparently sadistic master desired.

Tim looked down at the big cock for several seconds, still amazed at its size. It looked like a python on the prowl. Tim looked up. Considering the annoying, self-satisfied smirk on Johnny's face, he shuddered and dropped his head.

"I can't be screwed!" he stammered. "Shit, you almost killed me before!"

"What do you think, Kenny?" asked the man behind the wheel as he stroked his huge prick. "Want me to try again or not?"



Johnny knew it wasn't a real question; his tone had alerted his partner that he fully intended to do Goddamned well what he pleased regardless of Ken's opinion.

"Fuck!" grunted the second man. "If he can't even get it up, it isn't worth it! Can't say the kid's that exciting."

Johnny stared at Tim and pointed a thumb at his lover. "Ken's just upset.

He only likes to get fucked and his asshole just can't handle my mule's meat."

"I'm not that particular about what I do in bed, dammit," lamented Ken.

"Don't mind at all getting sucked off. You good at giving head, kid?"

Tim ignored the query, his eyes searching outside, trying to penetrate the dark highway. What there was of a new sickle moon was buried in a passing cloud; the pitch blackness of the night was broken only by the intermittent lights of the passing traffic. Tim wanted out, but there was no way. He was trapped between the two men -- even with one hell of a fight the odds were against him unless he found an opening to escape.

Johnny Bertoni was no fool. He had sensed Tim's fear and his frantic desire to escape; he knew he had the youth exactly where he and Ken wanted him. Tim Harding was no new game for them. They had worked his routine many times before -- it was a game where both lovers took turns instilling fear in their quarry. The longer they could prolong the misery, the better. Time itself increased the excitement. Ordinarily, Johnny would not have accepted no as any kind of response to his need for a good fuck. Freak of nature that his cock was, he would cruelly have gone in for the rape, his friend getting his rocks off by watching the sadistic action.

But Tim wasn't an ordinary pickup; the teenager was no longer a novelty but already broken in -- slightly tarnished, in fact. The real challenge was gone, for he'd already shot his wad up that pretty ass! Not that he couldn't handle it again -- it was just that the initial element of wild debauchery was gone.

"Get your pretty little lips around Ken's cock. Now!" Johnny ordered.

His friend hunched his hips forward over the back of the seat, thrusting his meat into Tim's face.

"Go for it, babe!" Ken shouted.

Tim grimaced, firmly squeezed his lips together, and turned his face to one side.

Instantly Johnny's huge open hand fell on the side of the youth's cheek.

It was a harsh, stinging blow that knocked him all the way over against the door of the cab.

"Damn you bastards!"

Stunned, Tim's hand shot up to his rapidly reddening face. He glared back at his companions, eyes burning with contempt. He started to say something again but bit back the words. Keeping his silence, he turned his head away and made no effort to go down on the waiting stiff prick.

"Stubborn little bastard, isn't he?" growled Ken. With both hands he grabbed the teenager by the ears, pinched hard, and pulled him between his widespread legs.

"Now suck, God damn you!"

"Ouch! Leggo my ears, for Chrissakes!" Tim shouted, trying to pull away, but his nose was firmly planted in Ken's hot sweaty crotch. Ken pushed his head in farther, burying Tim's face in his balls. The man's swollen cock stood straight up, slapping repeatedly against Tim's eyes and forehead.

"Now lick it, you little asshole. Go ahead, get your wet mouth over my cock, you fucker!"

The youth savored the masculine sex odor and fought back a sudden, slight twinge of excitement in his own groin. Stubbornly, he turned his mouth aside.

Roughly, brutally, Ken thrust him away with such force the teenager hit his head on the dash. Then the spumed man above him took his bare foot and drove it against Tim's neck, pushing relentlessly, driving the teenager's head backward into the corner until his eyes bugged in their sockets and he let out a gasping, choking sound. Tim's hands flailed wildly at Ken's bare legs, scratching and pinching, until the older man grabbed his wrists and forced them down.

Then Johnny joined the scene, making a plunge for Tim's fly, tearing open the buttons, and digging for the youth's cock.

"I'll show you how to get this little Mother-fuck excited," he grunted, burying his face inside Tim's open jeans.

Instantly he had the teenager's soft cock and balls in his mouth, coating them with saliva, sucking and licking at each nut and eagerly, hungrily tonguing the cock from one end of the shaft to the other. Almost immediately, to the handsome truck driver's satisfaction, the young, delicious meat began to swell.

The more feverishly Johnny worked on Tim's cock and balls the less the youth struggled in Ken's grasp. Releasing the pressure of his foot on Tim's neck, the choking sounds stopped, but the youth's breath still came in short, labored gasps. Ken watched his captive wooden-faced, without a trace of remorse, all the while his lover sucked furiously on Tim's prick and nuts.

Johnny Bertoni yearned to have something as young, unblemished, and beautiful as Tim Harding on a permanent basis, but he knew it was beyond his wildest dreams. He was stuck with Ken, or better put, perhaps they were stuck with each other. If they had one thing in common, it was mutual sadistic delight in watching others suffer. Misery, they had learned very early in their affair, loves company. Tim was a breathtaking specimen of boyhood, a striking contrast to his lover, who was not only older, but scarred and every bit as jaded as he was wise. The comparison pained Johnny, pained him so much he almost resented the teenager. At the same time he felt a strong urge to flaunt the conquest in front of Ken, to rub the bewildered, wide-eyed youth into his partner's nose. For too long Ken had used him as bait for their three-ways, and Johnny resented it. But always in

the end, their mutual needs had been satisfied, and though the relationship remained fragile at best, neither man had found anything better to replace it.

Slap! Slap! Ken stuck Tim twice again with the back of his hand. Then he thrust him down, flat on his back on the wide cab seat. Johnny had to move fast to get out of the way. Both men crowded over him, hot and eager, their cocks swaying threateningly over his face. The two lovers had to straddle each other clumsily to bring their stiff pricks together right over Tim's alarmed eyes. For several seconds the giant prick and the smaller cock beside it hovered over him, intimidating him.

Would they both try to fuck him in the mouth at the same time? God! He hoped not!

As if to answer his question, the two men tried to maneuver their bodies so they could easily do just that, but the cab of the truck was too confining. There wasn't room. Instead, they wiped the sticky, wet heads of their pricks over Tim's face, all along his trembling eyelids, over his cheeks, and back and forth across his lips. The youth's nostrils caught the sweet, pungent smell of sex oozing from the end of the cock-heads as they tickled his face. No longer could he restrain himself.

Involuntarily, his body began to tremble all over; his crotch tickled with excitement. Once more he was caught up in furiously hating and fiendishly wanting the same thing! His mind blurred and he closed his eyes.

It was a mistake. Four strong slaps across the face in rapid succession brought his eyes wide open. They quickly, tearfully focused on Johnny, whose big hand was poised above him, ready for another stinging blow.

"Please," Tim whimpered softly, "don't hit me again!" His tear-stained face was red all over.

"Then open your fucking mouth! Wide!" Johnny commanded.

Ken scowled but dutifully eased back on his haunches to give his partner room to operate. "Open it! Wider!" he urged, finally deciding to urge his

lover on by giving him a playful pat on the ass. "Johnny, I'll give you three to one odds you don't get more than three inches in his mouth."

The swollen head of Johnny's big prick buried itself in Tim's moist lips

-- lips frighteningly small in comparison to the huge cock probing against them.

"It's too fucking big!" Tim pleaded, just before the big cock throttled his voice. His lips parted, forced and stretched to their utmost width as the enormous prick plunged inside his mouth, gagging him. At the same instant he felt gruff hands reach between his legs and grab his balls.

Somewhere in back of Johnny came a coarse, mean laugh. It was Ken. He was sadistically pulling at his nuts, wrenching them and squeezing them together viciously in his palm.

Tim wanted to cry out, to scream bloody murder at the top of his lungs for the sharp, piercing agony, but his mouth was totally, cruelly preoccupied by Johnny's giant prick. His jaws were open as far as they would go and his lips felt bruised, almost to the point of being torn apart. He wanted to gag, but there wasn't even room for that!

"Eat my big sausage, baby. Eat it good!"

The intense, snarling voice belonging to Johnny. He pushed his huge cock farther inside the teenager's mouth until the hot, fat crown slammed against the back of Tim's throat. It wouldn't go an inch more.

Ken looked on, his eyes gleaming with anticipation. Licking his lips, he began stroking his own cock.

Johnny suddenly shuddered all over. A massive charge of jizz spurted onto Tim's tongue and flooded back into the youth's throat, forcing him to choke or gulp it down. Trying desperately to avoid gagging, which he suspected would infuriate his tormentor, he swallowed frantically at the unbelievably huge load of cum, trying to get it all down. But there was too much. The hot, thick fuck-juice slithered all over his tongue, and as Johnny slowly

withdrew the head of his spent cock, the jizz drooled down Tim's cheeks and chin like a river.

Hot and horny, Ken quickly pushed his lover away and was instantly at the teenager's face, licking and devouring Johnny's left-over cum with unabashed relish.

"That's the way, Ken boy!" cheered Johnny. "Lap it all up good, lover!"

Then he turned to Tim's balls again and began to twist and squeeze.

"Christ! Stop it!" The youth shouted, cringing and trying to get his face away from Ken's insistent tongue.

"Stop it?" Johnny asked. "Oh, no, baby. We're just getting started!" His fingers tightened around Tim's balls as his partner plunged, like a hungry vampire, for the last drops of jizz on Tim's throat.

Suddenly Ken brought his knee up on the teenager's shoulder, pinned it down, and thrust his own cock in the youth's frightened face. He didn't try to insert the prick in Tim's mouth, but instead started to pound it off as fast and furiously as he could. All the while he let its big head rub back and forth across his captive's nose and cheek.

Johnny relaxed his grip on Tim's balls, but still the youth groaned. A new pain gripped him -- the agony at having to see, just inches away, the flaccid skin of Ken's belly ripple like Jell-O before him. Tim closed his eyes.

Johnny, the hunger of his own giant cock satisfied, had nuzzled his nose in Tim's crotch, where he sucked and licked slowly on the young, stiff prick.

With his eyes glued tightly shut, Tim's captivity was at least bearable.

The more he thought about it the sensation was, in fact, electrifying.

Tim suddenly found himself gently undulating his hips in rhythm to the truck driver's head-job. He was on the threshold of popping his nuts when ruthless, sadistic hands once more grabbed his balls and twisted. The pain was excruciating!

At the same time Ken Henderson shot off. Long streams of sticky white jizz spat across Tim's lips, eyes, and forehead. The hot cum was everywhere.

"Take it! Take it, you little bastard sonofabitch!" Ken shouted, taking his discharging swollen cock and rubbing his wet jizz all over Tim's face. Up, down, sideways he smeared the youth, covering his face with cum from hairline to chin. Tim screwed his eyes and mouth as tightly shut as he could, but still the jizz stuck in his nostrils and even his ears, and the fast drying stickiness made him flinch with discomfort.

But with Ken's orgasm, Johnny had eased off on his repeated, pincer-like squeezing of the teenager's balls. Tim's cock, still lodged in Johnny's hot, moist mouth, felt relieved and excited again. He was ready, eager to come and get the ordeal over with as soon as he could.

Johnny Bertoni recognized Tim's impatient need mid sadistically, selfishly withdrew his mouth from the anxious cock. He sat back and grinned.

"Look at the beautiful little Mother-fuck squirm, will you? Shit! At last he's all ready to get his rocks." Johnny, with deliberate slowness, turned to his lover. "Now what do you think about that?"

"I say we make the runt wait a little and earn it!"

Tim Harding wasn't in the mood to be called a runt. Nor was he in the mood for waiting or earning anything. The pressure was there now, and demanded relief. His right hand was over the head of his prick, gently rubbing the ridge of the crown and stroking the throbbing vein along the shaft. Then he started to whip his hand back and forth, faster and faster, until his balls danced. Before his two adversaries could say another word or stop him, his shoulders and hips were seized by a deep-rooted shudder. Thousands of little shock waves shot through his body as the exciting orgasm engulfed him. A long, pulsing stream of cum shot out the end of his cock, hitting the roof of the cab, splattering, and dripping back down.

Ken and Johnny looked on in amazement. They had never seen a prick twitch and fire a salvo of jizz with such force and distance.

"Jesus!" proclaimed Ken, gazing at the wet ceiling.

Tim slowly opened his eyes, his innermost gut needs satisfied. He looked first to Johnny, then over to Ken. Their stares had not changed, if anything they were more intense than ever! His wooly brain told him it was time to get the hell out of here, now, before a backhand slap across the face came out of nowhere. Tim's eyes darted to Johnny.

"Prick!" he shouted, not caring any more what additional wrath his rebellion might bring.

Johnny pointed a threatening finger in his direction. "You've got to learn to be patient, Tim baby. We'll decide when we want you to come, understand?" His eyes glowed with little red sparks. "Not nice of you to rush things along like that. Not nice at all."

Ken grinned and added a threat of his own: "Hell, we were only planning on playing master and slave for an hour or so. Looks like we'll have to spend the fucking night teaching you the game. How about it, kid? You get off on having two masters?"

Tim's eyes darted back and forth between the two men. "No, I don't," he said flatly.

Johnny edged over behind the rig's steering wheel and started fumbling under the driver's seat. "Damn it, Ken. Where the hell are the handcuffs?"

His partner scornfully shook his head and gestured with a thumb to the berth in back. "Exactly where we left them last week. The farm boy hitchhiker. Remember?"

Johnny's eyes shot fleetingly from Ken to the bunk curtains, then back again. "Well, don't just sit there with a shit-ass grin on your face. Go get the damn things and we'll have a little fun with junior here."

Ken spun around in the seat, hefted his hairy bare legs upward, and crawled in the dark berth, groping for the handcuffs.



It was the distraction Tim had been patiently waiting for. He knew just how far he had to reach to pull the plunger that locked the passenger side of the door. Thank God his pants were still on. No time now to worry over a spent prick and balls hanging out of his fly.

Instantly he had the truck door open, and half somersaulting, half falling, he leaped to the side of the roadbed. He struck the gravel, rolled, and quickly found his feet. His duffel! Hell with it, he cursed to himself.

Shouting broke from the inside of the cab.

"Goddamm, Ken, get back here! He's getting away!"

"Well, catch the bastard!"

"Without pants, for Chrissakes?"

Ignoring the swearing and shouting from the truck, Tim struck out down the side of the highway as fast as his feet would carry him. He put a full two hundred yards between himself and the bread van before he slowed to an easy trot, caught his breath, and buttoned his jeans.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Tim shivered in the cold. He beat his arms repeatedly to keep the circulation going, but it didn't help. His teeth chattered and he knew he could never make it all the way to his mother's cabin, which was at least three miles or better distant. If he couldn't get a ride, he wouldn't press his luck hooting any farther than the first service station he encountered.

He had left the highway only once, when Johnny and Ken drove slowly past, the truck's headlights probing along the roadside. Hiding in the snow-covered brush beside the road until they passed out of sight, his pants and feet had become damp and cold.

Now he hiked at a rapid pace, trying to close the gap between himself and the small village of Copper Mountain. Whenever traffic approached from behind, he turned and extended a thumb, but it was far too chilly to stop and work the helpless pose.

Luck was with him. An older sedan full of teenagers from a nearby town were headed for Copper Mountain to attend a basketball game. Tim eagerly jumped inside the warm car, joining two other youths in the front seat.

He vigorously rubbed his hands together over the heater vent.

"You crazy, man?" asked the thin, freckle-faced driver. "Hell, you'd have frozen your balls off in another ten minutes if we hadn't picked you up."

He shook his head forlornly as the other teenagers in the car nodded in agreement. The car smelled strongly of grass. "Where's your coat?" The question came from the back seat, along with an extended joint.

Tim took the joint and took a long drag between his chattering teeth.

Savoring the smoke, he gradually unwound and felt better all over. "Long story," he said finally. "Had some trouble down the road and lost my bag."

"Get ripped off?"

"Yeah. You might say that. More ways than one." He turned, surveying the innocent faces around him. "You guys going all the way into town?"

The kid beside him in the middle of the front seat nodded. "Heading for the high-school gym. Where you bound for?"

"Cabin on Tamarack Road. Third of the way up to the ski lifts."

The two youths up front exchanged glances, nodded, then turned to seek agreement with their friends in back. "Guess we've got time to run you up there," the driver said.

Tim took another turn at the joint, inhaling deeply.

"Yeah," came a voice from the back seat. "They roll up the sidewalks early in this berg. Too fucking cold to walk."

The street address his mother had sent him a few months earlier was a vaguely familiar, but the cabin in front of him was new. It had been almost a year since his last visit to the resort town and then she had lived in an apartment building two doors away. Although the little A-frame before him seemed half-buried in a snow bank, the steady stream of smoke emitting from the pipe chimney told him there was warmth and, hopefully, hospitality waiting for him inside.

Tim lifted the iron knocker and let it fall three times against the heavy cedar door. Trembling with cold, his brain turned itself inside out trying to prepare itself, to come up with an acceptable story of why he was suddenly at his mother's doorstep, improperly clothed at that. The door opened.

"Well, come in. We've been expecting you."

Tim's half-frozen face turned from off-blue to ashen-white. The stranger at the door, a young man in his late teens or early twenties with shoulderlength, straight blond hair, was expecting him?

"Where's your bag? And your coat? For God's sake, get in here before we all freeze."

Tim shuffled inside the small entry. From around the corner came a familiar voice. "Dennis, is that Tim?"

An instant later, clad in a terrycloth robe, Irma Harding slid into the hallway. Tim noted that she hadn't changed; there was the inevitable cocktail glass in her hand. Just as before, she rattled the ice in it as she walked.

Tim had never known his mother to really walk, like most women. She had a way of announcing her presence by a kind of slithering, snakelike movement of her hips. His father had often complained that she was doing a poor imitation of Mae West. As for the constant swirling and rattling of the ice cubes, that, too, was a ploy to get attention.

Tim beamed and hurried to his mother. He gave her a peck and stepped quickly back. "How did you know I was coming?" he asked anxiously.

Irma Harding sighed. "Your father called long distance. Rather angry, to say the least. We had quite a chat."

She gave her son a peck on the forehead, took a nervous swig from her bourbon and water, then turned to the other youth by the door. She wriggled her wrist impatiently for the blond young man to come closer.

"Tim, this is Dennis. He's a ski instructor and boards here."

Tim nodded and shook the youth's hand. His mother had always introduced her lovers that way; they were boarders -- just business relationships.

This one was different. He was younger. The two youth's eyes locked and Tim liked what he saw. Dennis' blue eyes sparkled back at him like a clear mountain lake -- deep, mysterious. The skier had a tawny, clear complexion, a cleanly chiseled nose, and pretty white teeth that gleamed when he smiled.

His mother's boarder was not at all like the succession of ski buffs who had lived and slept with her before -- all the previous lovers had shuck him as hard, coolly professional types, often swarthy and more often lacking in

character. This Dennis, by contrast, was, in every sense of the word a typical healthy, boy-next-door type. He didn't fit.

Irma Harding escorted her son into the living room. Tim immediately headed for the fireplace in the corner. It was one of those Danish modern jobs, small but filled with snapping, fragrant dry pine and the blaze quickly warmed the teenager.

"Dennis, don't just stand there. Give Tim one of your sweaters before he catches pneumonia." She turned to Tim, nervously swirling the ice in her drink. "Where's your duffel and clothes?"

"It got ripped off couple of fast dudes that picked me up."

Irma's eyebrows peaked in a worried frown.

Tim waved his hand. "Forget it. It's okay, I tell you."

"You're frozen. I'd better fix you some hot mocha."

Irma headed for the kitchen. "It appears you don't need to. You're picking up bad habits of your own."

"Like what?" Tim asked smartly.

His mother paused in the kitchen doorway and wiggled a stern finger in his direction. "Like skipping school in mid-week to go skiing -- or whatever!" She disappeared into the kitchen.

Tim sighed and shook his head. "I didn't come up here to go skiing!"

"I can't hear you! Wait until I get your drink fixed."

Dennis ambled back into the room and tossed Tim a handsome turtleneck sweater with a Scandinavian motif. "Here you are, kid. Problem with these A-frames they're hotter than hell in the loft and like a deep freeze down here."

"You sleep in the loft?" Tim asked bluntly.

Dennis gave the teenager a measured smile. "We've got two bedrooms down here. The loft's reserved for parties and guests. Tonight it's all yours."

"What's your last name?"

"Johnston," replied the older youth as he went to stir up the fire.

Tim watched his every move, fascinated. The young ski instructor's flaxen hair sparkled in the light of the flickering fire. Tim wondered how old he was, but it really didn't matter; Dennis was a beautiful specimen of maturing manhood. Though he wore a pullover sweater and wide-striped ski pants, Tim could tell he had the body of a Greek God -- tight, well-proportioned muscles, a smooth stomach, and firm, strong legs. He knew a hot skier had to have good legs. And the tight, stretched ski pants served to emphasize, not hide, a well-contoured ass whose perfect round cheeks flexed and tightened as he moved.

Dennis seemed to know he was being watched. He basked in the flattery.

Looking up quickly from the fire, he caught Tim staring at him, the teenager's eyes sparkling and his mouth slightly open. The older youth winked.

Tim tossed on the heavy ski sweater and at last stopped shivering. He suddenly felt good all over. This Dennis intrigued him, but he figured it was a hopeless cause; he was, after all, getting it on with his mother!

He wondered what her clutch on him might be. Shelter? No, it had to be more than that.

A car? Maybe. More probably cash to hit all the ski meets -- travel from Copper Mountain to Aspen, to Vermont, maybe even to Europe. They all added up to a pretty penny. For several long seconds Tim continued to stare at Dennis, fascinated, totally intrigued by the long-haired, handsome youth.

Dennis looked up with an enigmatic smile, considering the new houseguest.

His eyes sparkled but betrayed no commitment.

"Planning on hitting the slope tomorrow?" he asked, climbing to his feet.

"Hadn't planned that far ahead, I guess. Well, sure. As long as I'm up here might as well. School can wait."

Dennis shuffled across the room, brushing close, tantalizingly close to Tim as he passed. The teenager felt a strong urge to reach out with his hand and touch the wide, masculine stripe on the blond youth's ski pants as he passed, but he bit the impulse back. But then, surprising the teenager, a warm, firm hand fell on his shoulder from behind and rested there briefly.

"Tell you what, Tim. I've got a ski class in the morning, but I'm free after lunch. I'll take you up to Gravy Chute."

Tim looked up, grinning. "Great! Plenty of bumps?"

Dennis' deep-blue eyes were bearing down on him. He slapped his hands together and nodded. "Sure! All you can handle -- if you don't mind a sore ass!"

Tim laughed. "Sore ass? You kidding? Where I come from, it's a way of life!"

He had said it, but already he regretted the remark. His new friend was gazing at him curiously, one eyebrow arched higher than the other.

Dennis said nothing but retreated to an overstuffed chair in one corner.

He threw his legs over the arm and gazed back at Tim for several seconds, slowly shaking his head.

Tim nervously pretended to take in the decor of the room, but his eyes quickly found their way back to Dennis.

"What the fuck's wrong?" he asked nervously.

"Nothing," the good-looking blond replied, almost too softly for Tim to hear. "You're beautiful. That's all. Just Goddamn beautiful." His voice

prudently trailed off to nothingness as Irma Harding waltzed into the room carrying a mug of mocha.

"This may not grow hair on your chest, but it'll at least thaw you out," she said happily.

Tim took the hot drink and smiled.

Irma raised her own glass of bourbon. "Here's cheers," she announced, a bit too profoundly. She tipped her glass up all the way, at the same time her eyes quickly darted from Dennis to her son. There was strange electricity in the air and she felt the vibrations. She swallowed the bourbon. No, it couldn't be! Her imagination was overheated, the booze, perhaps. She quickly put her fears away and sat down across from Tim.

The teenager rapidly crossed his legs. Totally swept up by his mother's handsome young suitor -- or whatever his role -- his cock had started to nervously pulse in his thin jeans. He rested his hands nervously in the center of his lap, hiding the slight bulge.

"So why did you leave home?" Irma asked almost coldly.

"What did Sam say?"

"Must you call your father Sam?" she asked imperiously.

Tim shrugged and looked away, pouting. "He's been beating me again," he said softly. "I'm not going to take any more of it."

Irma Harding looked perplexed. "Beating you?"

"Yes! That's all he does any more to get his jollies!"

She smiled knowingly. "Tim, that's exactly what your father said you would say. He claims you have an overwrought imagination and lie constantly to overcompensate for it."

"That's not true!"



"He said you would come up with an excuse to get out of school and come up here to ski."

"Do you believe that?" There was bitterness in the teenager's question.

"We're both a little distressed."

"He's the one who's lying! I ran away!"

Irma's eyebrows shot up perceptibly. "But why? Because Sam reprimands you when you refuse to obey?"

Tim's face grew beet red. "He doesn't reprimand! He's sick. He kicks the shit out of me, dammit! And other thin..."

Irma nodded quickly, cutting him off. "He also said you've been swearing constantly, too. And there's the problem of your grades slipping. Let's see, what else?"

"God almighty, whose side you on, anyway? I come up here in big trouble and you start on me just like the old man! I need help, can't you see?"

"Like what kind, Timothy?" Her bourbon dulled eyes tried to focus on him.

"Financial? Tutoring? Clothing? Or a soft shoulder to cry on?" She shrugged and sighed. "I guess that's what a mother is really for."

Dennis Johnston frowned, idly scratched his balls, and climbed to his feet. "Uh, if it's okay with you two, I think I'll kick back. This family rapping isn't any of my business. Besides, I've got an early class in the morning."

Irma caught him by the sleeve. "Be a doll and refill my drink before you go?"

"You've had enough," he said bluntly. Taking the glass from her, he placed it on the coffee table and shuffled towards the hallway.

Tim watched Dennis depart, fascinated by the way the yellow-striped ski pants with their tight elastic fabric showed off the contours of his cock as he

walked.

Halting in the doorway, Dennis turned, winked at Irma, then turned to Tim and stared for what seemed an eternity at the teenager. "Good night," he finally said, disappearing down the hallway.

Irma Harding shrugged. "Now where were we?"

Her tongue was a little thick. "Your problem, as you called it."

Tim looked at his mother askance. "You sleeping with Dennis?"

The flat, outright query caught her by surprise. Her face turned an off pink. "Your father forgot to mention, among the other things, your brassiness!"

Tim pushed harder. "Well?"

Irma fussed with her robe and started out of the room. "You still have a vivid imagination." Her eyebrows furrowed as she played with a curl on her forehead. "Entirely too vivid. We've both had a busy day and I've got to work tomorrow. We'll talk at breakfast." There was finality in her tone.

Tim shrugged and stared into the fire. "You still working as a waitress?"

"No. I sell lift tickets up on the slope."

"Well, you needn't sound so bored. I can at least get you a free ticket skiing. That's more than I could do slinging hash!"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean, that is... Wow! I guess I'm bushed, too."

"There are clean sheets and towels up in the loft." She pointed superfluously to the steep stairway that might easily pass for a ladder.

"Good night, Tim."

"You don't believe me, do you?" he asked in desperation. "He's a sadist, I tell you!"

"I said we'd talk about it tomorrow! Turn out the lights when you're through." She turned and padded down the hall.

Tim stood in front of the fireplace for several minutes, staring vacantly at the diminishing flames and pine logs as they turned to cinder. Then he slowly turned and headed for the john. Once inside, he closed the door and studied himself in the mirror. There were obviously two bathrooms in the cabin, for he heard a toilet flush from off in the direction of his mother's bedroom.

The image in the glass aged him. He looked haggard, dirty; his T-shirt and jeans were soiled and rumpled. A hot shower, he decided, couldn't wait until morning. It would do him good to languor under running hot water. No! Wait. A bath was what he needed. He had forgotten his abused asshole. A comfortable tub where he could park his sore ass in hot water would be bliss!

After sudsing down and rinsing himself off, Tim remained in the tub for a good ten minutes, luxuriating in the soothing warm water. He had nodded off several times and was almost asleep when he saw, through the frosted-glass tub enclosure, the bathroom door slowly open and close. A figure had slipped quietly into the room and now appeared to be hovering over the sink.

"Tim?" the voice was soft, tentative.

"Yeah?"

"Shhh! Not so loud. If you don't mind, I forgot to brush my teeth."

Dennis voice had an urgent, nervous tone.

The hesitant voice and the blurred image behind the glass provoked. Tim's curiosity. He suddenly felt challenged. From somewhere deep inside of him emerged a compelling desire to expose himself, to flaunt what little he had to offer and let the cards fall where they may. He would try to be subtle, but...? Tim pushed the sliding-glass partition all the way open, shook the wet hair out of his eyes, and looked up inquiringly.

Dennis was standing there in a pair of white Jockey shorts, his long blond hair falling over his tawny brown, muscular shoulders. When he heard the glass door over the tub quietly glide back, he put the toothbrush down, grabbed a towel and turned. His intense blue eyes consumed Tim for what seemed an eternity. He didn't utter a word as he gaped into the tub, his eyes exploring Tim's nudity. Finally aware of his own intense staring, he swallowed hard and wiped his face with the towel.

Tim, too, had remained silent, his own focus darting from Dennis' shy but absorbed eyes to the enticing bulge at the front of his Jockey shorts.

Even as he briefly glanced up and down at the blond youth's body, he saw the revealing white basket twitch slightly and start to swell. Tim slid his ass farther back in the tub and felt his own cock tremble with pleasure.

Dennis wanted to say something, but it was as if he had been caught speechless in the teenager's trap. But he knew full well it was a trap of his own making. Grinning sheepishly, he shrugged and inched backward towards the door. He was about to excuse himself when Tim brought up a dripping-wet hand, arched his long forefinger against his thumb, and flicked bath water into Dennis' face.

The older youth beamed. His eyes once more took in Tim's nudity, this time focusing on the water between his legs.

Tim glanced down and saw that the round head of his cock was poking up and down out of the water like a nervous frog. He looked back up at Dennis, searching the good-looking, well-built blond's eyes for a sign.

What was he waiting for? Dammit, anyway, what kind of green light did he want?

Tim brought both knees up to his chin, folded his arms across them, and sighed. "Come on in if you want. The water's fine."

Dennis breathed a quick sigh of relief, turned, and locked the bathroom door. He gave Tim an awkward but eager grin and promptly shoved a thumb in each side of his Jockey shorts. As they fell to his knees, Tim

blinked his eyes and swallowed hard for there, beneath the dark tan line and thick forest of pubic hair was a long, gangly prick with a big, perfectly proportioned oval head. It rose slowly before the teenager's eyes, swaying like a curious cobra. Dennis had big, ponderous balls, too, and Tim wondered about their power to pop off tons of cum.

Wordlessly, the older youth brushed his long hair back over his shoulders and climbed into the tub facing Tim. Very slowly, his intense eyes locked on the teenager's, he slid all the way into the water, his legs and knees brushing tantalizingly against Tim's hips until their wet, slippery bodies were locked together. The tickling, electric pleasure was total, all-consuming, and both youths trembled all over under the wild sensation. Tim pushed his crotch and genitals harder and harder into the other youth's. Dennis responded by wiggling his ass closer to him yet.

Their balls danced against each other.

Dennis' hands were suddenly everywhere -- caressing Tim, tracing the clean, beautiful lines of his face, feeling the round firmness of his buttocks, and fondling his excited cock and balls.

Tim was pleased. He liked Dennis' intense but sensitive manner. He was wild but in no way did he indicate a need to bruise, slap, pinch or humiliate. Tim began to respond with wild, uninhibited abandon, wrapping himself around the nude ski instructor, licking his ears, his neck, gently mouthing the firm nipples on his chest, and finally kissing him full on his warm mouth. His heart pounded. His entire body was on fire.

"Easy, easy," Dennis whispered softly. "Plenty of time, but hold down the noise." He, too, was hot and eager to really get it on, to be as wild in the tub as they could, but he fought back the urge, remembering where he was and who was sleeping just yards away. "Shhh!" he pleaded.

Before Tim could turn over, Dennis pushed him back facing him and scooted his rump back against the teenager's. Their balls hit together. Dennis quickly grabbed their two pricks, held them tightly together, and started jacking them off underwater.

The water sloshed noisily back and forth between their entwined legs; both of their foreheads became glistening with sweat as Dennis beat their cocks faster. Tim gazed at Dennis' face, just inches away. His lips were slightly parted, the saliva-coated tip of his tongue just visible. The teenager's breath came in short, anxious gasps. His head was tilted slightly to one side and his eyes bore in on Dennis with a hot, pleading look.

The blond ski instructor stared back; his face, too, bore the same rapt, intense, wildly satisfied and expectant look. His eyes, too, were fixed and intent.

They came together, lips, tongues, and hot saliva engulfing each other's mouths. Their flailing, throbbing cocks simultaneously exploded underwater, sending great pulsating squirts of cum to the surface. The warm jizz spread quickly in a white slick, polluting the tub and coating their bodies.

It took a long time for the hot, lusty youth to pull away from each other and longer yet for them to clean off the residue of sticky jizz that clung to their bodies like rubber cement.

Tim wanted desperately to talk. There was much he wanted to say to Dennis, but the older youth kept whispering, gesturing for total silence.

The thought of his mother discovering them together did frighten Tim, but not nearly as much as letting this beautiful young man and beautiful experience slip away from him -- to disappear as easily as he had been found. There were things he wanted to say! Something more was needed. An understanding, perhaps, to be consummated?

Dennis tossed Tim a towel, quickly retrieved his shorts, and placed one hand on the door lock. With the other, he carefully traced his fingers over Tim's eyes, nose and lips. "Jesus! You're beautiful, kid. We'll talk tomorrow. On the slopes. You hot on skis?"

The teenager hunched his shoulders and grinned. "I get around all right.

Haven't been up since last year."

"It comes back fast." He winked, tossed his long locks back over his shoulders, and opened the door. He started into the hallway but suddenly halted, frozen in his tracks.

Tim looked beyond his companion into the dark hallway. He saw his mother leaning against the wall, her eyes methodically surveying them. He quickly back stepped and wrapped himself in a towel.

She said nothing, ignoring her son and glaring at Dennis with fiery, indignant eyes. Her fingers, clenched in anger, thrust repeatedly in and out of the big pockets of her bathrobe.

Dennis stammered. "Irma, I..." He had started to apologize, but realizing the emptiness of the gesture, closed his mouth. Nervously, he slid slowly past her and down the hallway, increasing his pace to a near trot as he disappeared into the far bedroom.

"Go to bed, Tim." The cold voice of authority bit of venom. She neither expected nor seemed to want an explanation. Her face framed with contempt, she sighed heavily and went back into her room. The door closed rapidly behind her and locked with a decisive click.

The teenager stood alone, staring down at himself, hypnotized by the cabin's sudden, enveloping silence. Gathering up his clothes under his arm, he trudged wearily out of the bathroom and headed for the ladder leading to the loft.

He slept only fitfully, tossing back and forth on the clean, slightly fragrant sheets his mother had carefully made up for him. The loft was warm. Once he had wakened from the recurring nightmare of being bound and beaten by his father, but now the dream was a strange conversation, an argumentative telephone call between his parents. No! It wasn't a dream.

The banter was real. He was wide awake!

A narrow stream of light shone across the far living-room wall and ceiling above the fireplace. The brightness came from the kitchen. It was his mother's voice and she had raised it slightly to be heard on a long-distance

connection. But it was muffled and Tim couldn't make out the words. He slid quietly out of bed. Without dressing, he lowered his nude body down the steep, ladder like stairs and edged along the wall nearest the kitchen. The downstairs had grown chill and he stood there shivering, trying to keep his chattering teeth from betraying him. But he could hear the words now. She was talking with his father, Sam Harding!

"I don't care what you do, he can't stay here through Saturday. And I can't afford to fly him home!"

Silence.

"How you punish him is your business, not mine. He's in your custody, Sam, for Chrissakes! What? No, I haven't been on the bottle!"

More silence. A long, heavy silence. Tim sadly lowered his head.

"All right! But it'll take you seven hours at least to drive up here.

Make damned sure you're here by the time I get off work tomorrow."

"You hear me, Sam? All right! Good night."

Big tears began to well up in Tim's eyes. He heard the telephone being replaced on the hook, then the kitchen light went out. He held perfectly still and pressed tight against the wall, not daring to move. There were the soft sounds of his mother padding down the hall, her bedroom door closing; then all was deathly quiet again.

Discouraged, totally deflated, he hurried back to the ladder, climbed to the loft, and fell, spread-eagled, across the bed. He stared at the dark, high-vaulted ceiling for a long time, considering his frightening predicament and his lack of options. He felt lost and afraid, abandoned by all that was good in the world! But was there anything good, anything worthwhile? His fingers slid back and forth on the inside of his thighs; restlessly, they fondled his balls and cock. Then he rubbed his chest and shoulders, finally stretching his arms and legs like a cat. He sighed wearily. There was nothing for him here; he wasn't wanted. Even remaining through tomorrow



would result in his being thrown right back into his father's sadistic bondage!

Then his thoughts went back to Dennis and his mind was swimming again. He rolled over and buried his head in the pillow. Beautiful, handsome, athletic Dennis -- the grooviest dude to have come into his life --

appeared to have commitments of his own. Commitments that hit too close to home! Repeatedly, he struck the bedsheets with his fists. The loft was warm and he lay there nude, staring into the dark, considering, mulling over the events of the past day. The memories flashed quickly through his mind, still vivid, still fresh -- the temporary, feverish excitement, the danger, the pain, and now, the nothingness of afterwards.

Suddenly a smooth firm hand stroked the back of his neck, slid down his shoulder, and worked its way slowly to the base of his spine. Then a lithe, trim body slid on top of him, strong masculine hips resting on his buttocks and a long, stiff cock probing between his ass-cheeks. The body smelled clean and fresh. Firm hands grasped his trembling fingers, held them tight, and pushed his arms to the corner of the bed; a warm chest nuzzled against his back and long blond hair fell across his ears and cheeks. It was as if he were in a dream. No! He was awake.

"God, you feel good all over," Dennis said softly.

Tim shuddered with pleasure, completely forgetting his sore asshole. It didn't matter any more. He wanted Dennis too badly. He wanted the older youth to master him, to fuck him.

"Is it safe?" Tim whispered nervously.

"So what if it isn't?" said Dennis boldly. "Who cares any more? I don't.

Do you?"

"You heard the phone call?" asked Tim.

"Yeah. The bitch. Let's not talk about it, okay? I need you, man. I needed you from the minute you walked in off the fucking street."

Dennis folded his strong arms around Tim and nuzzled his head close to the teenager's ear. "I've got to fuck you, babe. Oh, shit, I've got to fuck you good."

Tim wanted to tell him about his sore asshole, the bad scenes from earlier in the day, but a stronger impulse told him to hold his silence, to go along with Dennis, do anything he wanted.

"God, what a beautiful body," the older youth said, grinding his hips into Tim's firm, youthful flesh. He rubbed the hard nipples on his chest slowly back and forth across his companion's smooth back, at the same time letting his long soft hair brush teasingly over Tim's sensitive neck and ears.

"Wow," Tim whimpered. "I think I need you, too. Shit, I don't know how to say it, but I want your hot cock way up inside me, then I want you to screw me harder than you've ever fucked anyone before. Anyone else --

okay?"

"How hard?"

"Hell, I don't know. I just want to see if you can give a rough fuck."

"With you, I'll try anything."

Dennis' cock was throbbing, its big oval head tingling and dripping with excitement as it slid slowly, repeatedly back and forth between Tim's firm boyish ass-cheeks. The older youth sat back on his haunches and admired Tim's dim outline in the darkness for a full minute. Then, spitting in his palm, he smeared the thick saliva all over the crown of his cock and down along the slightly curved shaft all the way to its base. He wiped his hand across Tim's rump, then bent forward, hair in his face like some wild animal, and arched his hips for the initial thrust.

Tim bit his lip. From the corner of his eye he saw Dennis take in a gulp of air, then lunge towards him, jabbing his ponderous prick directly at his bung-hole with frightening accuracy. The head of his cock plunged painfully past the pinched outer folds and with a soft, oozing noise burrowed itself deep inside his ass. Farther and farther up it slid until the very base of the shaft was buried in Tim's shitter. Dennis big balls slammed into Tim's.

The older youth left his big tool in all the way, hesitating, feeling the exciting warmth of Tim's beautiful body grip and tighten around him. He dug the viselike feeling; it was like being a living part of the teenager.

"Oh, God, Dennis," Tim groaned, running his hands back and forth along the older youth's strong hips. "Let me have it good."

"I'm going to, baby. Jesus, I'm going to ride your ass wild! I belong in there, baby!" His cock did indeed feel like it was tailor-made for Tim's tight, succulent asshole.

Dennis slowly withdrew his cock about four inches, his entire body tensing to the sensation. Then he gasped and slammed his hips and legs forward until his big balls slapped against Tim's upturned rump. Like a pulsating piston, he began to fuck in earnest, in and out, his huge prick tickling all over in euphoric pleasure. His blue eyes opened and closed with passion as he felt Tim's clutching tight asshole sucking, squeezing, and pulling on his deeply inserted cock.

Tim groaned softly. "Ohhhh. Keep fucking, man. I could let you do this all night long." The bed creaked noisily, but the teenager ignored it.

Tim's arms started thrashing back and forth and his hips writhed. "Fuck me harder! Fuck, fuck, fuck!" he repeated in hoarse whispery gasps.

Both youths began moaning in unison.

Suddenly Dennis was swept up in wild, uncontrolled passion. His hands clawing furiously at Tim's body, he pulled the youth up into a kneeling position, then lunged forward savagely, his stiff, angry prick plunging home

and lifting the teenager off the bed. Groaning deliriously, he began fucking back and forth as hard as he could, slamming harder and harder into Tim's raised rump. Both youths were gasping for air and dripping with sweat; the bed shook violently and their balls danced together with each wild, plunging stroke as Dennis fucked harder and harder.

Tim wanted to cry out for Dennis to stop, but he knew the cry would wake the neighbors, let alone his mother. The thought was stupid and he put it away; far from wanting Dennis to stop, he wanted more of his prick! He hunched his butt farther into the air, wiggling sideways and undulating his buns, pushing his body farther back into Dennis' strong, relentless hips. He wanted to feel every last inch of the handsome blond's cock and all of his savage, wildly thrashing body.

The big cock rammed into Tim's butt-hole harder and harder; Dennis' hands were unyielding, too, clawing, grabbing fiercely at his waist and pulling the youth back and forth. Again and again the ski instructor had brought himself to the threshold of climax, until suddenly, abruptly, his body trembled and he could hold out no longer. Frantically, he shoved his prick into Tim's asshole as far as it would reach.

"Ohhh. Shhiit!"

The youth cried out softly as the first massive charge of cum shot into his ass. Load after load of thick white jizz gushed from Dennis' spewing cock.

"Take it," Dennis groaned. "Take it all!"

Tim felt his own orgasm coming on like an express train. He tried to catch it with his hand but he was too late; the stickiness of his own jism covered his chest, his stomach, and the sheets beneath him.

Dennis held Tim tighter, their entwined bodies trembling like the last leaves of autumn. Finally, with one final shudder, he pumped the last stream of sperm into the youth's butt. Very slowly he withdrew his shrinking meat from Tim's asshole, feeling the warm stickiness of his own cum oozing back out of the shitter, trickle over his balls and drip down his leg. The cock slipped out of the hole with a hollow, sucking sound.

Tim rolled to one side of the soiled sheets and looked up inquiringly into Dennis' eyes. "I don't understand," he said finally, after staring at his new friend for almost half a minute.

The blond ski instructor stretched, smiled, and wrapped his strong arms around Tim, embracing him tightly. "Don't understand what?" He rubbed the side of his cheek against the teenager's tousled hair.

"Never mind," the youth said, reconsidering. "I'll tell you later."

Arm in arm, they lay there and rested for a long time without saying a word to each other. It wasn't necessary. A rapport had been established, the protector and the protected. Neither youth made an effort to drift off to sleep, their eyes too busy trying to penetrate the darkness of their thoughts. But some of that thinking must have had something to do with sex, because Dennis' soft, snakelike prick began to stir again. His knee rubbed gently back and forth against Tim's warm leg and in a matter of seconds his cock stood straight up, swaying pendulously back and forth and pointing at the ceiling.

"God damn but you're a horny stud!" Tim whispered, turning on his side with one elbow propping up his head. "Is that why my old lady keeps you around?"

"Look, I haven't asked about your past. Why don't you forget all about mine. Dig?"

Tim shrugged. "Sure, Dennis." He felt his friend stiffen, then watched him turn his head away.

Finally, the older youth grunted, "Like formerly kept me around. Let's say I was about to bug out anyway." He turned back and stared sexily into Tim's eyes. "You hot again, Stud?"

"Hell, I'm always horny. For sure!"

"That's what I like to hear. Want to sit on my prick and ride it?"

"Why not?" Tim's own prong stiffened rapidly at the invitation. "Hey! How come you haven't got any weirdo partners you need to share me with? Or any fucking tools or toys?"

"Jesus, you've been around. Number one, I'm selfish. When I get it on with someone, chick or guy, I don't pass 'em around. Number two, the only tool I need is this battering ram right here between my legs. What's with you, anyway? Quit talking and let's have a little action!"

But Tim didn't rush to saddle himself on Dennis' big shaft. Hot and eager as he was, he was seeking a little wild foreplay before riding out another bruising fuck. Climbing down to the end of the bed, he lifted Dennis' smooth, firm legs up over his shoulders and brought his head down into the blond youth's buttocks. He carefully spread the legs and asscheeks apart, then nestled his face into the steamy cavity beneath Dennis' big swollen balls.

For a long time Tim licked, ever so lightly, beneath the older youth's nuts, then he traced his tongue all over the tiny hairs surrounding the tight asshole. Dennis wiggled and shook with pleasure, completely caught up by the animal magnetism of Tim eating out his crotch and ass. The rich aroma of musk and sweat assaulted Tim's senses, driving him to lick more feverishly.

"Go for it!" Dennis whispered coarsely.

Tim groaned with satisfaction but said nothing. His heart beat faster as he pushed his nose and mouth farther and farther between the blond youth's savory ass-cheeks, burrowing his tongue deeper than ever into the tender, moist asshole. His face and chin slippery with sweat and saliva, Tim forced his tongue inside Dennis' tender shitter, gradually pushing it open. As the older youth trembled and shook all over, he worked his eager tongue around inside, probing, exploring, and tickling the soft, moist ass walls.

"Ohhhh, Mother-fuck," Dennis groaned. He was so excited he almost came.

"No more!" he shouted. The cry reverberated through the loft. "God, that feels good!"

Tim came up for air. Dennis seized the opportunity and grabbed him forcefully, spun him around, and brought his butt up into his own face.

Turnabout, Dennis figured, was fair play, and he desperately wanted to eat Tim's delicious ass in return.

"Let me at it, babe," he said gruffly.

For several minutes they sniffed, sucked, drooled, and lapped at each other's balls and assholes like a couple of dogs in heat. The excitement slowly built to a peak, finally overwhelming their senses. Both youths'

balls were heavy with cum, their cocks impatient, ready, and demanding to shoot.

Rut Dennis wanted to fuck again. That was his real bag. He could spend his entire day in bed screwing and never get enough. Writhing back and forth on the mattress like a mad animal, he suddenly fell flat on his back and grabbed Tim tightly by the waist. With, a sudden burst of strength, he lifted the teenager into the air, lined up the boy's beautiful ass over his stiff cudgel, then accurately pulled him down.

"Oh, my God!" Tim said. His asshole forced itself over Dennis' well-aimed cock with a soft, oozing sound and slipped quickly all the way down the shaft.

Tim's face beamed. He liked to fuck this way, for he could see what was going on, look directly into his partner's eyes. And there was something to see, for Dennis' face bore an intense, wild look, the fixed glare of a tiger in heat! Tim smiled thinly, shot back an equally defiant, intense stare, and started to ride his big cock, up and down in a deliberately slow, grinding motion.

"Ohhh, shit!" Dennis moaned.

Tim moved his ass faster, increasing the speed of the fuck. He could feel the big crown of Dennis' prong swelling up even bigger inside his asshole as it lunged against the innermost walls of his gut. His abused asshole was

hurting again, but the excitement was too great, too deliriously intense to worry about pain.

"You really dig my ass?" Tim asked breathlessly.

"Fuck, yes! Ride that cock, baby!"

In a total rampage of lust, Tim pounded his ass up and down, swiveled his hips in a circle, then furiously began to fondle his balls and jack off.

Feeling that Dennis' big prick was about to explode inside his butt, he rode the shaft up and down, faster and faster, like a bucking bronc. He squeezed and pounded his own cock so hard it hurt.

"Uhhhh!"

They both came within seconds of each other.

The bed's violent shaking eased to a tremor as Tim's thick white jizz shot all the way up and into Dennis' hair, coating him like a marshmallow sundae, from head to waist. Again and again his prick spurted hot, warm cum. Inside his sore asshole the older youth, too, had exploded, flooding his shitter with a sea of sticky sperm. Tim blinked and closed his eyes.

He raised and dropped his ass several more times, then slowly untightened his muscles and relaxed.

"Whew!" he said, exhaling wearily. "I think I'm hooked on you."

"Yeah," Dennis grunted. "You've kinda fucked my mind, too."

Tim sat there for a long time on top of the spent cock, savoring the last diminishing tingles from its spasmodic release. Even after the big prick had grown soft, Tim did not back off. He liked the feeling of the whang up his buns, the sensation of being physically tied to the strong, silent ski instructor.

"Shit!" Tim whispered, his breathing still irregular. "What do we do now?"



"Pretend nothing's happened," said Dennis flatly.

Tim's spirits sagged.

"Until after breakfast and your mother goes to work." The older youth grabbed a pillow, ripped off the case, and mopped up the lake of cum on his chest and stomach.

Tim's eyes opened wider, expectant. "I don't understand."

Dennis tossed the soiled pillowcase away and grinned. "You with me all the way?"

The youth shrugged, then eagerly nodded his head.

The good-looking blond youth's eyes twinkled as he revealed his plan.

"You go skiing. I pretend I'm going to work. But -- we meet back here after she's gone. I pack up, we toss our gear in my wheels, and we light out for Colorado."

"You have a car and enough bread?"

"It's not much. My old surfing van, but it'll make it. And I've got enough dough to last us till we get there, including gas. I've got a head instructor buddy who'll line me up with a job at Vail."

"What about my mother?"

"What about her?" Dennis' tone had a ring of finality. "Any more questions?"

Tim shook his head and grinned.

Dennis smiled back. "Now I have a question."

"What's that?" the teenager asked eagerly.

"When can I have my sore cock back?"

Tim frowned mischievously. "When I get good and ready." His head lifted and his eyes moodily stared out into the dark room.

"Something on your mind?"

Tim shook his head, started to grin, but then wiped it away.

"Go ahead, what is it?"

"I've only known you, hell, a few hours. And you don't know a fucking thing about my past." Tim paused, fumbling for words. Then bluntly, he asked, "You're not into this master-slave shit, are you."

Dennis laughed, placed an affectionate hand on Tim's shoulder, and gently undulated his spent prick around in the teenager's asshole. He let his hands glide slowly down the youth's trim body and rest on each side of the trim, solid hips. "Hell, Tim, we're going to be partners, aren't we?"

With you, I'll try anything. But let's save something for later, okay?"

Stunned, Tim slowly shook his head. "Sure," he said quietly, "save it for later."

THE END